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The CHAUTAUQUAN



*The Magazine of
System in Reading*

A Reading Journey Through
the Counties of the
Severn Valley

Benjamin Fowett

British Child Labor Legislation



The Chautauqua Press

Chautauqua, New York

THE CHAUTAUQUAN

THE MAGAZINE OF SYSTEM IN READING

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CONTENTS FOR APRIL, 1907

COVER DESIGN

Benjamin Jowett.....	Frontispiece
Highways and Byways.....	131
Congress and Child Labor. The New Immigration Bill. Solution of the Japanese-American Problem. A Great Education Endowment. Socialism and Liberalism in Germany. The Program of the British Liberals. News Notes from Abroad. From Punch-Portraits of Reginald McKenna, Mrs. James Bryce, Prof. Harry Pratt Judson, the late Sir W. H. Russell, the late Giosue Carducci, the late Lord Thring.	
A Reading Journey in English Counties.....	Katharine Lee Bates 145
The Counties of the Severn Valley.	
English Men of Fame.....	Paul Shorey 203
Benjamin Jowett, Teacher, Platonist, and Scholar.	
Child Labor Legislation in England.....	Owen R. Lovejoy 217
Representative English Paintings.....	W. Bertrand Stevens 226
"The Huguenot."	
The Vesper Hour.....	Chancellor John H. Vincent 229
Library Shelf.....	233
C. L. S. C. Round Table.....	Conducted by Kate F. Kimball 239
News Summary.....	254

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Professor Benjamin Jowett, Master of Balliol and Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University.

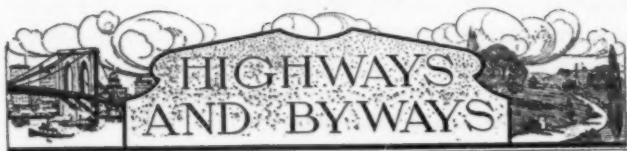
See "Benjamin Jowett, Teacher, Platonist and Scholar," by Paul Shorey, page 205.

THE CHAUTAUQUAN

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No. 2



WHEN Senator Beveridge of Indiana introduced his child labor bill in Congress few thought the proposal to regulate labor of minors under the "commerce" clause of the Constitution would at once assume serious practical significance. It was understood that Mr. Beveridge's purpose was "educational;" that he wished to stimulate interest and discussion, to call attention to the possibility of federal action in the premises—perhaps as "a last resort"—and to arouse the states to more earnest and vigorous treatment of the child labor evil. Nothing more was expected.

But the proposal proved very popular, and the indorsement of it was so general and warm that Senator Beveridge was encouraged to press it and demand prompt legislation along the lines he had indicated. Senator Lodge supported him, and another Senator introduced a substitute bill, providing for the exclusion from interstate commerce of products of child labor made in violation of the law of the state of manufacture. Advocates of child labor legislation, knowing how slow their progress has been in certain states, eagerly welcomed the alternative of federal regulation. Press opinion was divided, but the amount of favorable comment, considering the boldness and novelty of the idea, was surprising and remarkable.

These facts led the two houses of Congress to call upon their judiciary committees for reports on the power of Congress to deal with the subject of woman and child labor. These committees often give Congress legal advice, but, of course, their conclusions and opinions are in no sense binding.

Highways and Byways

The House committee reported unanimously that "Congress has no authority over the subject of woman and child labor and has no authority to suppress any abuses of such labor or ameliorate conditions surrounding the employment of such laborers." The committee said among other things:

The jurisdiction and authority over the subject of woman and child labor certainly falls under the police power of the states, and not under the commercial power of Congress. The suggestion contained in the resolution shows how rapidly we are drifting in thought from our constitutional moorings. Undoubtedly it is the earnest wish of all who desire the prosperity of the nation that the proper line should always be drawn between the power of the states and the power of the nation. Certainly there is no warrant in the Constitution for the thought or suggestion that Congress can exercise jurisdiction and authority over the subject of woman and child labor. If those performing such labor are abused and conditions are such that the same should be improved, it rests for the states to act. The failure of the states to act will not justify unconstitutional action by Congress.

Unquestionably Congress has the power to investigate conditions, ascertain facts and report upon any subject. In the opinion of your committee, there is no question as to the entire want of power on the part of Congress to exercise jurisdiction and authority over the subject of woman and child labor.

In fact, it is not a debatable question. It would be a reflection upon the intelligence of Congress to so legislate. It would be casting an unwelcome burden upon the Supreme Court to so legislate. The agitation of such legislation produces an uneasy feeling among the people and confuses the average mind as to the power of Congress and the power of the state. The lives, health and property of the women and children engaged in labor is exclusively within the power of the states, originally and always belonging to the states, not surrendered by them to Congress. Such is the emphatic language of the Supreme Court. If a question of good order and morals, it is the same. The argument has long since been made by others, and the committee cannot add to it.

This report has not at all convinced the friends of the child-labor bills that their views are unsound. Some, in fact, including Senator Beveridge, have ridiculed it and attacked

alike its law and its logic. It is said to be in flat opposition to a series of decisions of the Supreme Court in cases involving the construction of the commerce clause of the Constitution.



The New Immigration Bill

Contrary to general expectation, Congress passed toward the last of the last session a bill for the further restriction of immigration. It is not radical in any of its features, and will not operate to exclude any able-bodied, industrious or fit persons. A clause prescribing a simple educational test for immigrants had been adopted by the Senate, rejected by the House and subsequently eliminated by the conference committee.

The act amends the immigration law of 1903 and cures some of its recognized imperfections. It adds feeble-minded persons and imbeciles to the excluded classes. It raises the immigrant head-tax from \$2 to \$4. It strengthens greatly the provisions against "assisted immigration" and the importation of contract laborers. It insures better examination of emigrants. It prescribes more space and air for steerage passengers. It provides for a commission to make a thorough investigation of the immigration problem and recommend further legislation, if necessary, or changes in the administration of existing law and also from an international conference on immigration.

The South is not pleased with the new act. It needs factory and domestic labor and has made some efforts to attract desirable immigration from the north of Europe. It has indirectly "assisted" immigrants, municipalities and private employers contributing toward the maintenance of state commissions in Europe and the payment of passage money. The new act may interfere with such efforts. In the East, however, where there is an oversupply of immigrants and congestion of aliens in cities the act is generally approved.

Solution of the Japanese-American Problem

For the present, at any rate, the "Japanese" problem which San Francisco precipitated some time ago may be regarded as solved. There are further developments in store, but they are not likely to affect the spirit of the temporary "solution."

Concessions have had to be made by all parties. San Francisco and California, represented by local men of official influence, agreed to change the school-board's rule for the segregation of Japanese pupils of any age. The federal administration agreed to protect California against the "invasion" of Japanese coolies and laborers, while the government of Japan, it is understood, accepted in principle the San Francisco-Washington compromise and acquiesced in the so-called Root amendment.

This amendment constitutes part of the immigration act which passed Congress and has been signed by the President. It is remarkable from several points of view. It reads as follows:

That whenever the President shall be satisfied that passports issued by any foreign government to its citizens to go to any country other than the United States, or to any insular possessions of the United States or to the canal zone are being used for the purpose of enabling the holders to come to the continental territory of the United States, to the detriment of labor conditions herein, the President may refuse to permit such citizens of the country issuing such passports to enter the continental territory of the United States from such other countries, or from such insular possessions, or from the canal zone.

This provision rests on the fundamental fact that the Japanese government itself has of late sought to discourage emigration to the "Continental" parts of the United States. It has done this for reasons of its own, as well as in order to avoid unnecessary complications and difficulties in the Pacific coast states, where there has been much violent agitation against Koreans and Japanese. But the Japanese government has freely issued passports to subjects intending to emigrate to Hawaii, to the West Indies or to Central or

South America. Now, it is from Hawaii that most of the Japanese "invading" California have generally come, and there has heretofore been no legal way to prevent their coming, since Hawaii is part of the Union.

Proceeding on the theory that Japan will continue to refuse passports to those who wish to proceed to continental America—and perhaps having received assurances on the point—Secretary Root drew up the above amendment. It is apparently consonant with the policy of the Japanese government itself and therefore cannot offend the pride or wound the self-respect of the Japanese people, although certain elements of the population are said to be angry and resentful.

There is, however, likely to be graver dissatisfaction in Japan when the question of an exclusion treaty pure and simple, such as California demands, is taken up with the government of Tokio. The intention of our government is to make the exclusion mutual—that is to enable Japan to exclude American laborers and our Congress to exclude Japanese laborers, skilled and unskilled. As no American laborers emigrate to Japan, the exclusion of Americans would obviously be purely nominal and Pickwickian. Yet Japan is supposed to be willing to negotiate such a treaty so long as the Japanese who are already here receive fair treatment and are not in any way discriminated against.



A Great Education Endowment

The year 1907 promises to eclipse any previous year in the matter of voluntary endowment of education, charity and benevolence, especially the first-named field of intellectual and spiritual activity. The total of last year's gifts for such purposes was \$106,000,000; it included a number of comparatively large donations. The total for the current year will undoubtedly exceed it.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller has established a new mark or "record" in philanthropy. His gift of \$32,000,000 to the

General Education Board, a national institution organized in 1900 to study educational needs, receive and distribute gifts, and promote the progress of the higher education of men and women in the country, was praised by that body in fitting terms. It is the greatest gift, as it said, made to education by a single individual in the history of civilization.

One-third of the amount donated goes into the board's permanent endowment fund, and the income from it will be applied at the discretion of the board. The employment of the other two-thirds may be directed by Mr. Rockefeller or his son during their respective lifetimes; if they fail to designate beneficiaries, the board will eventually obtain control of the balance.

The members of the board are distinguished men representing education, the other liberal professions and the world of industry and commerce. No aid is voted by the board without a thorough study of the claims, facilities and prospects of the beneficiary institution. It is said that the board knows more about the work and status of the colleges of the country than their own chiefs or faculties.

There was an impression abroad that Mr. Rockefeller wished to favor particularly the small colleges of the country, which are supposed to have suffered in recent years in consequence of the drift of population into the large centers and the tendencies toward consolidation and bigness. But, according to a statement by one of the trustees of the fund, Mr. Rockefeller's personal representative, it is intended to pursue the opposite policy—to devote a good share of the income to the building up of the great universities in the cities. Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg and other capitals, it is observed, have great universities, ancient seats of learning and culture, while the United States has not sought so far to develop a similar national university.

While it is not the intention of the board to work in this direction, it will seek to establish or enlarge colleges in cities of 100,000 or more inhabitants. Another fundamental policy will be the improvement of the women's colleges and

institutions for higher education. Existing facilities are inadequate, while the principle of higher education for women is no longer "on trial."

These important intimations of policy have aroused much discussion. Some prominent men, like Dr. Washington Gladden and Mayor Tom L. Johnson, have raised the question of "freedom of teaching" and of possible efforts of the multi-millionaires to control the politico-social utterances of the "endowed" faculties. The pending suits and charges against the Standard Oil interests under the anti-trust and commerce acts have also been pointed to as rendering the endowment doubtful in a moral sense. But the general opinion is favorable to acceptance of such gifts and the application of them to social and cultural purposes. Free opinion and free discussion in the colleges are thought to be in no danger whatever by reason of such endowments.



Socialism and Liberalism in Germany

The elections in Germany are claimed by the organs of the government and of the conservative parties to have resulted in a "splendid victory" over the Social Democracy. That party in truth lost an extraordinary number of seats in the Reichstag, to its own surprise and that of its opponents. It increased its popular vote, however, by about ten per cent, and under a fair system of representation and distribution of seats it would control today one-fourth of the membership of the Reichstag. Its heavy losses are due to the success of the government in inducing voters who had failed to register and exercise their privileges in the past, to go to the polls this year.

In the new Reichstag the parties and groups will have respectively the following strength:

Center	105
Conservatives	80
National Liberals	55
Socialists	43
Agrarian	29

Radicals	46
Poles	20
Independents, etc.....	19

This composition of the elective chamber doubtless insures the adoption of the naval and colonial appropriation estimates which the emperor has at heart. It is over these estimates that the collision occurred between the government and the last Reichstag; hence, as regards the "world-politics" program of the emperor, the government's victory is real. No combinations between the Center party and the Social Democrats in opposition to its policies can prove effectual.

Yet, seeing that the government hoped to weaken the Center as well as the Socialists at the elections, the fact that the former party increased its vote and captured a few additional seats militates against the large claims that the Kaiser and his chancellor have advanced. Moreover, the government will have to reckon with the liberal and radical groups whose support it openly invited during the campaign. These groups will have demands of their own and will expect concessions in the direction of home politics, especially in the matter of the franchise. The "revived liberalism" to which Von Buelow made his appeal may develop opposition tendencies in the new Reichstag, and it will not be altogether easy for the government to form a stable conservative-liberal majority. The liberals represent the commercial and industrial classes, and these are wholly out of sympathy with the agrarian or land-holding interest.



The Program of the British Liberals

Great questions are to be considered at this year's sessions of the British Parliament, and a memorable, far-reaching struggle between the Commons and the Lords is foreshadowed. The speech from the throne at the opening of the session referred in the familiar, vague style to the differences between the two Houses and promised a legislative effort to solve the difficulty. The cabinet was more



Reginald McKenna
Who succeeds Mr.
Birrell as head
of British Edu-
cation Board.



Mrs. James Bryce,
Wife of the Brit-
ish Ambassador.



Prof. Harry Pratt
Judson,
Elected President
University of
Chicago.



The late Sir W.
H. Russell,
Celebrated war
correspondent.



The late Giosue
Carducci,
Celebrated Italian
poet.



The late Lord
Thring,
Who drafted many
important bills.



WILL THEY BELL THE CAT?

"The mice resolved, in solemn conclave, to hang a bell about the neck of the cat, as it had become a matter of 'grave importance' to set a limit to her persecutions. But——"

Cartoon in *Punch* satirizing the antagonism of the Commons and the Lords.

definite. In the debate on the royal speech Premier Campbell-Bannerman described the existing situation as intolerable and dangerous, and announced certain measures designed to limit the power of the Lords. The nature and scope of these proposals no Liberal leader has so much as hinted at; all that the public is told is that there is ample warrant in the constitution and the historical precedents for the steps under consideration by the government.

The Tory opposition denies that there is any "difficulty" or crisis needing heroic measures. The Lords "killed" two of the government's bills of last year—the education bill and that abolishing plural voting. They had the right to use their veto power, it is contended, and furthermore, these bills were partisan proposals which the electorate had not authorized and to which it was either hostile or indifferent. Did not the Lords pass the three "reform" bills which the Labor party and the "democracy" undoubtedly favored? What ground was there, then, for accusing them of resisting the popular will, and for attempting to limit their power?

The Liberal-Radical reply is that it is for the Commons, elected by and fresh from the people, to decide what the people demand, and that well-considered, important legislation acceptable to the majority of the popular house should never be rejected by the non-representative upper chamber.

Eventually this issue will be submitted to the people, for, of course, the Lords will throw out any bill directed at their authority and prestige. There is some sentiment in the Lords in favor of mild reform, but it is not expected to lead to any practical result.

The other great question that will give this year's session exceptional interest is that of Irish home rule. The government is about to introduce a "devolution" bill; that is, a bill increasing the autonomy of the Irish and giving them greater control over their own affairs. An Irish national council (not a Parliament) may be created, partly elective and partly nominative, and this council may be given large financial and administrative powers, though no legislative

functions. The Liberals say that this would be a step toward home rule, and that admission is eagerly seized upon by the Tories and other anti-home rulers as a basis for a strenuous campaign against the proposed measure. Already an organization has been formed to fight "devolution" and "home rule by installments." The Lords are counted upon to "kill" any such bill as is contemplated, and perhaps the expected conflict between the two chambers will follow the action upon the Irish bill.

There are other important questions before Parliament—the establishment of an Irish Catholic university, progressive taxation of incomes, land reform, etc. "Radical" budgets are talked of, and no feature of the government's program can possibly commend itself to the Lords.



News Notes From Abroad

The arrangements for the opening of Parliament by King Edward were made, as usual, by the Lord Great Chamberlain, the Marquis of Cholmondeley. This interesting hereditary office which carries with it a salary of £4,500 per annum, is held jointly by the Marquess, the Earl of Carrington, and the Earl of Ancaster, the former having been appointed to fill the duties during the present reign. The Lord Great Chamberlain must not be confused with the Lord Chamberlain of the Household, who is such an important personage at Levees and Drawing Rooms. His duties are political in character, not social. The Marquis of Cholmondeley, by reason of his office, enjoys many quaint privileges.

He is entitled to have forty ells (fifty yards) of crimson velvet from the Crown for his Coronation robes. On the Coronation day he has to carry to the King his wearing apparel, and when His Majesty leaves his bedchamber, he is entitled to take the bed and all the furniture, with the nightgown, and any clothes there may be, as his fee. He also claims to serve the King with water before and after dinner, and to have the basin and towels as his perquisites. The velvet and the gilt basin have been given at the last four coronations, but the right to the bedroom furniture is compounded for about £200.—*From M. A. P. (Mainly About People.)*

* * * *

Whenever the King opens Parliament, the excellent elocution he displays in the delivery of the King's Speech is invariably remarked upon. His Majesty has a strong, compelling voice, which is almost unrivalled in the two Houses for clearness and penetration. There is nothing "preachy" about his intonation, although he was first taught the art of voice production by a clergyman. His accent, too, is thoroughly and unaffectedly British. Queen Victoria had His Majesty taught elocution when

he was very young. One day she inquired how he was progressing. "I regret to say," said the tutor, "that I cannot get rid of the Prince's German accent; and when he is older, and has to speak in public, the people will not be pleased with it." The Queen, therefore, ordered that in future the future King should give a daily reading before her in pure English.

Not only is the manner of the King's speeches good, but their matter is irreproachable. Many of his impromptu speeches—utterances which it is obvious from the circumstances cannot have been prepared—are characterized by striking aptness of expression. Moreover, he can speak in several languages with equal felicity. When one hundred delegates of the International Association of Academies visited Windsor in 1904, His Majesty shook each delegate by the hand and spoke to him cordially in his own language. On the same occasion he exhibited an intimate knowledge of chemistry and scientific matters. French he speaks "like a native." This was curiously illustrated at a private dinner in Paris, when M. Loubet read a carefully prepared little speech, whereas King Edward got up and rattled off a breezy little address, also in French, absolutely impromptu.

At the age of sixty-one King Edward began to study that difficult language Hindustani, and with such effect that at a review of Indian troops at Buckingham Palace he addressed the soldiers fluently in their native tongue. The possession of a really wonderful memory has no doubt largely contributed to the King's success as a linguist. He never forgets anything. He recalls faces and names with unerring accuracy. Whoever is presented to him, no matter how great or how humble a personage, or under what crowded, changing surroundings, he is able to recall the exact circumstances of the presentation years afterwards. The implanting of this facility was a hobby of Queen Victoria's. In his boyhood on her instructions, the King was made to repeat to his tutor every night before going to bed the names of the people he had met during the day and the circumstances under which he had met them. —*From M. A. P. (Mainly About People).*

* * * *

ONE ENGLISHMAN'S VIEW.

As far as one can judge from the available facts, Sir Alexander Swettenham seems to have acted with the greatest propriety. It must have been a singularly galling fact to witness the arrival of American warships in view of the inexplicable absence of any English man-of-war. When the American admiral proceeded to behave in an altogether officious and presuming manner, the English Governor was, in loyalty to his Sovereign, bound to assert himself as being competent to manage his own affairs. There is a point at which the Colonies of this country will, I believe, though it may appear strange, rebel. That point is reached when the Mother Country, whilst callously evading her own responsibilities, submits its representative to the well-meant but utterly tactless interference of a foreign subject.

The Americans are not to blame; they possess a very rightly grounded contempt for the self-reliance of this country. Alabama, Behring Sea, Venezuela, Alaska, Newfoundland, ambassadorial incidents in which British susceptibilities have been trampled upon; what a record! Little wonder that Americans have a very

low opinion of us. Such incidents as the Kingston affair are the natural outcome.—*A Letter in the London Times.*

* * * *

Dinner to American Rhodes Scholars.—The American circle of the Lyceum Club gave a dinner recently to the American Rhodes scholars, of whom about twenty attended. Mme. Thayer, president of the circle, was in the chair, and among others present were Lady West, Mrs. Alec Tweedie, Lady Montague of Beaulieu, Professor Gollancz, Miss Elizabeth Robins, Miss Constance Smedley, and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Smith. Mme. Thayer, in proposing the toast of "The American Rhodes Scholars," said that Rhodes's vision was as wide as the veld he loved. He might have been a dreamer, but he was a very wideawake one. "He was dominated by one idea, the union of the Anglo-Saxon race, and to the Rhodes scholars he had bequeathed the greatest trust that had ever been bequeathed to anyone—the fulfilment of the dream and the welding together of the Anglo-Saxon world. Mr. Frank Adylotte (Indiana-Harvard-Brasenose), in responding to the toast, said that he thought they were all agreed that the Oxford system was superior to the American system in the plain matter-of-fact business of supplying instruction thoroughly—it was more efficient. There were two elements of greatness, however, in which the Universities of America could challenge those of the world—the men who composed them and the ideas and aspirations which they inspired in those who graduated at them. As Rhodes scholars, however, they learnt at Oxford the great lesson of thoroughness and efficiency. He believed the success of the Rhodes scholars would be largely determined by the seriousness with which the men devoted themselves to scholarship, and the success with which they combined scholarship with other pursuits at Oxford. They had come to Oxford to get as much efficiency and as much method as they could, and they wanted to take these qualities back to give their own American Universities the added greatness which would come from what they had learnt at Oxford.—*London Times.*

* * * *

FROM PUNCH.

President Roosevelt is sitting for a full-length portrait to be presented to the Peace Palace at the Hague. Some difficulty, we understand, is being experienced by the painter owing to the President's pugnacious type of face, into which it seems to be impossible to coax the appropriate lamb-like expression.

* * * *

The greatest discovery of 1906 was made just as the year was flickering out. As usual, it hails from America. A New York cable informs us that Professor McGee finds the Americans of today more cultured and more vigorous and nobler—physically and morally—than any other people.

* * * *

The Suffragettes who so pluckily elected to go to prison rather than pay fines are now complaining that they found the prisons far from comfortable.

One of them was not satisfied with the accommodation in the Black Maria in which she was conveyed to gaol. But it is something, surely, that so important a vehicle should bear a woman's name.



The Counties of the Severn Valley*

By Katharine Lee Bates

Professor of Literature in Wellesley College

OF the counties occupying the Severn basin, three form, in continuation with Cheshire, the Welsh border,—Shropshire, Hereford and Monmouth. Shropshire, together with the West Midland counties of Worcester and Gloucester, is traversed by the mother stream, but Hereford and Monmouth lie in the vales of the tributary Wye and Usk and Warwickshire, already noted, in the broad basin of the Avon.

In previous summers we had explored, to some extent, Gloucestershire and Worcestershire and the picturesque Wye valley, but we were, except for glimpses from the railway, strangers to Shropshire, and so dropped off the train at Shrewsbury, in a Saturday twilight, with but moderate expectation. Had not the great and only Baedeker instructed us that "not more than half a day need be devoted to Shrewsbury?" What happened was that we lost our hearts to the beautiful old town and lingered there nearly a week without finding time, even so, to do a third of the tourist duty laid down in what a guileless Florentine has called "the

*This is the fifth of a series entitled "A Reading Journey in English Counties" which will appear in THE CHAUTAUQUAN from December to May. The journey begins with the Border and Lake Country and concludes with Cornwall at the southwestern extremity of England. The articles which have already appeared are "The Border" and "The Lake Country," December; "Lancashire, Cheshire, and Staffordshire," January; "The Heart of England: Warwickshire," February; "The Cotswolds," and "Oxford," March.

red prayer-book of the foreigners." But we would gladly have stayed longer and listened for the moonlight talk between that lofty Norman castle, "builte in such a brave plot that it could have espyed a byrd flying in every strete," and those fine old houses of the Salop black-and-white whose "curious sculptures and carvings and quirks of architecture" gave such pleasure to Hawthorne. Surely here, in this city of many memories, "a stone shall cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber shall answer it."

Shrewsbury is but a little city—one of the local proverbs runs: "We don't go by size, or a cow would catch a hare"—but its architectural grace and a certain joyousness of open-air life more French than English endow it with great charm. It was a fitting praise from its own Tudor poet, Thomas Churchyard:

"Now Shrewsbury shall be honoured (as it ought);
The seate deserves a righte greate honour heere;
That wallèd town is sure so finely wrought,
It glads itself, and beautifies the sheere."

Fortunate in situation, Shrewsbury is enthroned upon twin hills almost surrounded by the Severn. As one of the warders of the Welsh border, it was stoutly fortified, and enough of the old wall remains to make a pleasant promenade. On the only land approach, an isthmus barely three hundred yards broad, stands the square red keep of the castle. The slender spire of St. Mary's is a landmark far and wide. St. Alkmund's, with a sister spire, has a tradition that reaches back to Æthelfreda, daughter of Alfred the Great. Old St. Chad's, a noble church in the days of Henry III, has swayed and sunk into a fragment that serves as chapel for the cemetery where some of the first Salopian families take their select repose. The towered Abbey Church is of venerable dignity, with battered monuments of cross-legged knight and chalice priest, and a meek, bruised, broken effigy supposed to represent that fiery founder of the abbey, first Earl of Shrewsbury and builder of the castle, Roger de Montgomery, second in command at Hastings to William the Conqueror.

The first known name of Shrewsbury was The Delight, and by that name it may well be remembered of those who have wandered through Wyle Cop and Butchers' Row, past the Raven tavern where Farquhar wrote "The Recruiting Officer" and the old half-timbered house where Richmond, soon to be Henry VII, lodged on his way to Bosworth Field. There are steep streets that, as the proverb has it, go "uphill and against the heart," but carven gables and armorial bearings and medieval barge-boards tempt one on. There are wild and fierce associations, as that of the Butter Market, where at the High Cross a revolting Welsh prince—who must have had nine lives—after being dragged through the town at a horse's tail, was "hanged, burned and quartered," but in the main it is a city of gracious memories. Its Grammar School, an Edward VI foundation, which in the seventeenth century boasted four masters, six hundred scholars and a "handsome library," counts on its roll of alumni Charles Darwin, the most famous native of Shrewsbury, the poet Faber, Philip Sidney and his *fidus Achates*, Fulke Greville, whose tomb in St. Mary's Church at Warwick bears the inscription that he was "Servant to Queen Elizabeth, Counsellour to King James, and Friend to Sir Philip Sidney." It was in 1564 that Sidney, whose father, Sir Henry Sidney, was then Lord President of Wales—one of the best she ever had—and resident at Ludlow Castle, from whose splendid halls he and Lady Mary wrote most wise and tender letters to their "little Philip," came to Shrewsbury with Fulke Greville, who in after years extolled him as the paragon of schoolboys:

"Of his youth I will report no other wonder than this, though I lived with him and knew him from a child, yet I never knew him other than a man, with such staidness of mind, lovely and familiar gravity, as carried grace and reverence above great years; his talk ever of knowledge and his very play tending to enrich his mind so that even his teachers found something in him to observe and learn above that which they had usually read or taught."

The school, still flourishing, is now housed in new buildings across the Severn, opposite the Quarry, a spacious



Sketch Map of the Severn Counties

park with "broad ambrosial aisles of lofty limes." Here we used to sit on shaded benches and watch the bright-eyed urchins fishing in the river, for Shropshire, as the saying goes, is "full of trouts and tories." Here we would repeat Milton's invocation to the Goddess of the Severn:

"Sabrina fair,
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair,"

and when her "sliding chariot" declined to stay for us

"By the rushy-fringed bank,"

we would ignobly console ourselves with "a Shrewsbury cake of Palin's own make,"—such a delicious, melting-on-the-tongue concoction as Queen Bess was regaled withal and as suggested to Congreve, in his "Way of the World," the retort: "Why, brother Wilful of Salop, you may be as short as a Shrewsbury cake, if you please." The Simnel cake of which Herrick sings,—

"I'll to thee a Simnel bring,
'Gainst thou goest a mothering,"

is made only in the days approaching Christmas and Easter. It consists of minced fruit in a saffron-colored crust, said to be exceeding tough, and on Mothering Sunday, in Mid-Lent, is taken as a gift to their mothers by children out at service, who, on this local festival, come home to be welcomed at the cost of the fatted calf, veal and rice-pudding being the regulation dinner. The ancient refrain: "A soule-cake, a soule-cake! Have mercy on all Christen soules for a soule-cake!" refers to yet another specialty of Shropshire ovens. On All Soul's Eve it used to be the custom to set out on the table a tower of these flat cakes, every visitor reducing the pile by one. The residue, if residue there were, fell to the share of the poor ghosts.

The Quarry, in the bad old times, was often the scene of bull-baitings and bear-baitings and cock-fights. It is better to remember that the Whitsun Plays were performed

here, for these were comely and edifying spectacles. In 1568, when Sir Henry Sydney favored the Grammar School with a visit, there was "a noble stage playe played at Shrewsbury, the which was prayseed greatly, and the chyffe actor thereof was one Master Aston," being no less a personage than the head master.

A Quarry holiday that, by the grace of Sabrina, fell within the brief limits of our sojourn, was the Shrewsbury Floral Fête, vaunted on the pink program as "The Grandest Fête in the United Kingdom." Our landlady most earnestly vouched for the truth of this description. "There is them who would have it as York Gala is the greatest, but York Gala, grand however, ben't so grand as this."

On Wednesday, August twenty-second, we took aristocratic tickets at two and six, for Wednesday is the day of the county families. Thursday is the shilling day when, by train, by coach, by barge, by wagonette, by farmer's gig and carrier's cart, all the countryside comes streaming in. The weather had been watched with keen anxiety. "Rain spells ruin," the saying went; but it was clear and hot. Men, women and children lay on the grass around their luncheon baskets—we had hardly expected this of the county families—all through the wide enclosure, making the most of every disk of shade. From the central bandstand and from the encircling tents—refreshment tents, flower tents, fruit tents, vegetable tents, bee-and-honey tents—drooped rows of languid pennons. The fountain in The Dingle sent up a silvery tree of spray, while the white and yellow water-lilies in its little pool blinked like sleepy children. Within the tents the heat was stifling, but a continuous flow of flushed humanity, as whist as in the County Store where even the awed shop girls are instructed to speak with bated breath, passed in admiring review the sumptuous masses of heavily fragrant flowers, the great black grapes almost bursting with wine, the luscious plums and cherries, the amazing platoons of plethoric onions, exaggerated potatoes and preposterously elongated turnips and carrots, the model

bee-hives and the jars of amber honey. The gold-medal exhibitors, perspiring but beaming, stood by their red-ticketed products, while the silver-medal folk viewed their blue tickets with a pleasant sense of superiority to the subdued white-ticket battalion and the invisible yellow-ticketers who were only "commended."

All the while successive bands, the Shropshire Imperial Yeomanry, His Majesty's Coldstream Guards, and His Majesty's Scots Guards were merrily playing away, and presently the clamorous ringing of what might have been a sturdy dinner bell called us to the Acrobatic Stand, about which the crowd soon became so dense, while the somersault artists converted their bodies into giddy playthings, that one rustic philosopher was heard to remark: "Well, we ain't seeing owt, but we're in t' show." Then came the horse-leaping which was such a favorite feature that not even the miraculous performances of the King of the High Wire, and the ether-dancing feats of the Cee Mee Troupe availed to divide the multitude. When Rufus, to the deep but decorous delight of the Cheshire visitors, had out-leapt all the rest, we swarmed across the Quarry and sat down on the grass to wait for the ascent of the monster balloons, those gigantic golden-brown puffs of gas that had been softly tugging at their bonds all the morning. The Shrewsbury had already made a number of captive ascents and finally achieved its "right away" in good order, rising majestically into the upper air until it hung like an orange on our furthest reach of vision, but the wayward Wulfruna broke her ropes on a captive trip and feloniously made off with several astonished passengers, among whose vanishing heads peered out the scared, ecstatic face of a small boy.

As dusk grew on, our ever-greatening host still comported itself with well-bred English quietude. We never forgot what was due to the presence of the county families. Even the lads in Eton jackets tripped one another up softly and engagingly. Bath chairs and baby wagons traversed the thick of the press. The King of the High Wire, who

seemed to be made of air and india-rubber, appeared again and performed such impossible antics on his dizzy line that the setting sun rested its chin on the horizon to stare at him, and from a slit in the gaudy trapeze tent half-chalked visages peered out and paid him the professional tribute of envy. The tumblers tumbled more incredibly than before. The Handcuff King shuffled off one mortal coil after another. The Lady Cyclists cycled in an extremely unladylike manner—a performance punctuated by the impatient yelping of little dogs beneath the stage, eager to show off their own accomplishments. On they came at last, bounding, barking, wagging, tumultuous, all striving to take part in every trick. They quite refused to stop when their respective turns were over, but went on all together excitedly jumping rope and hitting ball long after ropes and balls had disappeared, until they were unceremoniously picked up and bundled down a trap door, an exit of wagging tail-tips.

As darkness fell, the Severn was all astir with pleasure-boats, while happy ragamuffins, getting their fireworks for nothing, thronged the further bank. Rockets went skittering over our heads, fire-wheels spluttered and whizzed, and as the first of the fire-balloons flashed up, a baby voice behind us piped:

“O mummy, mummy! See! There’s a somebody died and going up to heaven.”

Altogether the Floral Fête was as sweet-natured and pleasurable a festival as ever we chanced upon and completed our subjugation to this old town that the Severn so lovingly embraces. To quote from a black-letter ballad that I chanced upon in the Bodleian:

“The merry Town of Shrowsbury
 God bless it still,
 For it stands most gallantly
 Upon a high hill.
 It standeth most bravely
 For all men to see.
 Then every man to his mind,
 Shrowsbury for me!”

The county of Shropshire smooths away on the east

into a level pasture-land belonging to the central plain of England, but its western portion is roughened by the spurs of the Welsh mountains. Its own mountain is the Wrekin, a solitary height a few miles to the east of Shrewsbury. The summit commands so wide a view that the toast of Salopians everywhere is "All round the Wrekin." South of the Severn run several ranges of hills down toward the hop-gardens and apple-orchards of Hereford and Worcester. Of these, "Clee Hills," the highest of the ranges, "be holy in Shropshire."* North Salop has a coal-field, with its accompanying prosperity and disfigurement—busy factories, belching furnaces, houses that tip and tumble from the hollowing out of the ground beneath. We rioted in our memorable motor car through several of these grimy towns, Wellington among them, and Newport, where the runaway Shrewsbury balloon came safely down. Wellington cherishes a legend relating to a bad old giant of Wales, who, having a spite against the Mayor of Shrewsbury, purposed to choke up the Severn and drown out the town. So he started off with a heavy sack of earth over his shoulder, but lost his way, like the stupid giant he was, and met, near Wellington, a cobbler carrying home a bag of boots and shoes to mend. The giant asked him how far it was to Shrewsbury, and the cobbler, emptying his sack of ragged footwear, declared he had worn out all those boots and shoes on the road. This so discouraged the giant that he flung down his burden of earth, forming the Wrekin, and trudged meekly home again.

Far more delightful than automobiling were the leisurely drives we took in the neighborhood of Shrewsbury. One gracious afternoon we drove five miles south-east to Wroxeter to view the tragic ruins of the Roman city of Uriconium. Here, at the junction of Watling Street with the western Roman road, guarding these communications and the passes of the Severn, stood "The White Town in the Woodland." After the Roman armies were withdrawn,

*Leland.

it was stormed and burned by the Saxons. The lapse of fourteen hundred years has not obliterated the traces of that anguish. Only a little below the surface lies earth still black from the heats of the tremendous conflagration; charred bones crackle beneath the tread; in an under-chamber of one of the baths has been found the skeleton of an old man crouched between the pillars, as if seeking refuge from the rage of fire and sword. The skeletons of two women were beside him and, close to his bony hand, his little hoard of coins. There still stands a rugged mass of wall some seventy feet in length, its Roman string-courses of flat red bricks showing bright against the prevailing grey of that jagged, gaping structure. Now birds nest in it, and from the lower heaps and ranges of broken masonry all about springs the wild rose as well as the thistle. Uriconium was a larger city than Pompeii, and its ruins, said to be the most extensive of their kind in England, smite one with heartache. We roamed about its grassy hollows and thicketed mounds, its bone-strewn forum, and its baths with their patches of mosaic flooring, their groups of little brick columns, and other fragments of a perished luxury. We wondered that the sky above this city left so desolate, a sky of softest azure flecked with cloudlets dazzling white, did not wear perpetual shadow for its sake. But those heavens were as serene as if the dying wail of Uriconium had never pierced them, and the cleft summit of Milton's "blue-topped Wrekin"—a deep, intense, gleaming blue it was that afternoon—kept no memory of the day when the Severn ran red with blood and its own head was veiled with smoke and ashes.

The noble Norman church of Wroxeter, near-by, has set at its churchyard gate two Roman pillars with finely sculptured capitals that have been recovered from the river-bed. Its font is hollowed out of a Roman capital and looks only half converted. The church is remarkable for its Easter sepulchre, an arched niche in the north wall of the chancel, and for its altar-tombs. This Easter sepulchre, where the

crucifix would have been placed on Good Friday to be raised again with rejoicing on Easter morning, is of creamy stone with ball-flower ornament. Within the niche are reddish traces of a Resurrection fresco. The effigies on the altar-tombs have been singularly preserved from mutilation. Even the rings upon those comely hands that clasp their prayer-books in the centuried trance of their devotions remain intact. Here sleeps a Jacobean baronet splendid in scarlet alabaster robes and broad gilt chain. A peacock is at his head and a lion's claw at his feet. His lady, from gold head-dress to dainty shoon, is no less immaculate. May their rest on their stone pillows be forever unprofaned! In that hushed and almost forgotten sanctuary slumber also Elizabethan knights and ladies whose tombs, wrought about with quaint figures, are peculiarly individual and tempted us to closer study than the waning light allowed.

There were many pilgrimages we longed to make in Shropshire—to the birthplace and burial-place of Lord Clive, her Indian hero, and to the home of Lord Herbert of Chirbury, brother of the Saintly George Herbert, himself a Jacobean courtier only less eminent in letters than in life. Even bluff Ben Jonson hailed him as "All-virtuous Herbert." Other Shropshire worthies who would hardly so have designated each other, are Richard Baxter and William Wycherley. Two others that I would like, in the interests of a broader charity, to pair together in the procession of great Salopian ghosts, are Bishop Percy of the "Reliques," and Dick Tarlton, lord of mirth, the best-beloved clown of the Elizabethan stage. The queen herself had a good friend in Dick Tarlton, for he told her, says Fuller, "more of her faults than most of her chaplains and cured her melancholy better than all her physicians."

The inexorable almanac urged us on, but one excursion that we could not forego was that to Battlefield Church. Thither we drove through such a tender afternoon, the soft sky brooding close above the earth as if she loved it, that it was hard to realize associations of wrath and war. The

sun made golden windows in the clouds. The brown Severn was slyly breaking down its banks as it ran. We took our way through Shropshire lanes whose hawthorne hedges on either side were fringed with yellow wisps of rye scraped off from the harvest loads. Beyond we came upon the harvest fields with their shining stacks. And in Battlefield Church itself we found, almost rough-hewn from the tree-trunk, a medieval image of Our Lady of Pity.

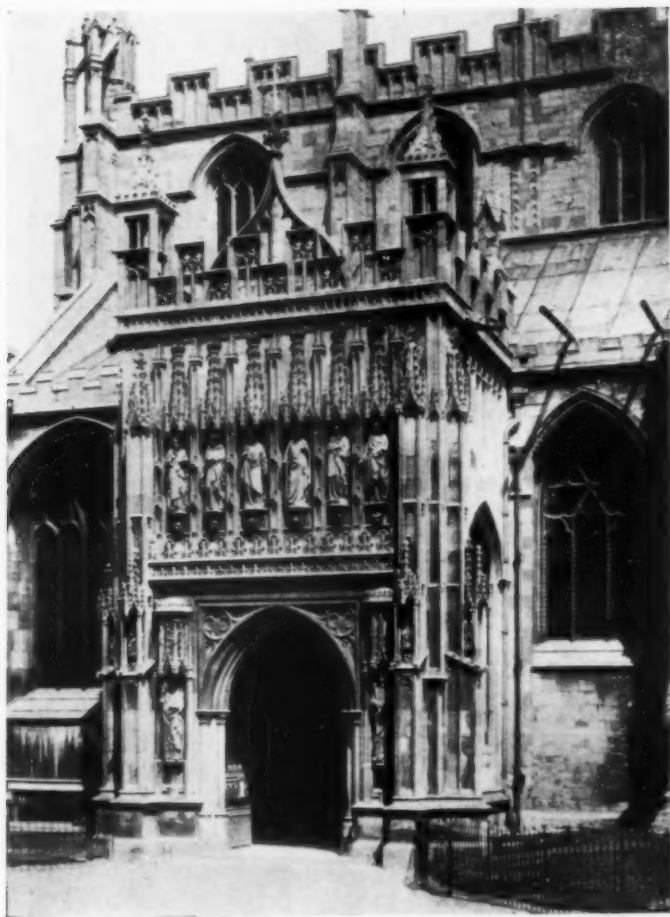
Here was fought on another summer day, July 21, 1403, the decisive battle between Henry IV and the Percies. Henry had sat but four years upon his troubled throne when these proud nobles of the north, by whose aid he had ousted Richard II, rose against him. Although Richard had been murdered, Edmund Mortimer, the next of blood, was a thorn in Henry's pillow. Mortimer, had been taken prisoner by the revolting Welsh leader, Owen Glendower, and Henry, if we may take Shakespeare for our historian, listened coldly and incredulously to Harry Percy's assurances of Mortimer's resistance. In vain did Hotspur, Mortimer's brother-in-law, pour forth his eloquent tale—how

"on the gentle Severn's sedgey bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower;
Three times they breathed, and three times did they drink,
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank
Blood-stained with those valiant combatants."

When the king refused to ransom Mortimer, Hotspur's anger bubbled over:

"He said he would not ransom Mortimer,
Forbade my tongue to speak of Mortimer,
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla 'Mortimer!'
Nay,
I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but 'Mortimer' and give it him."

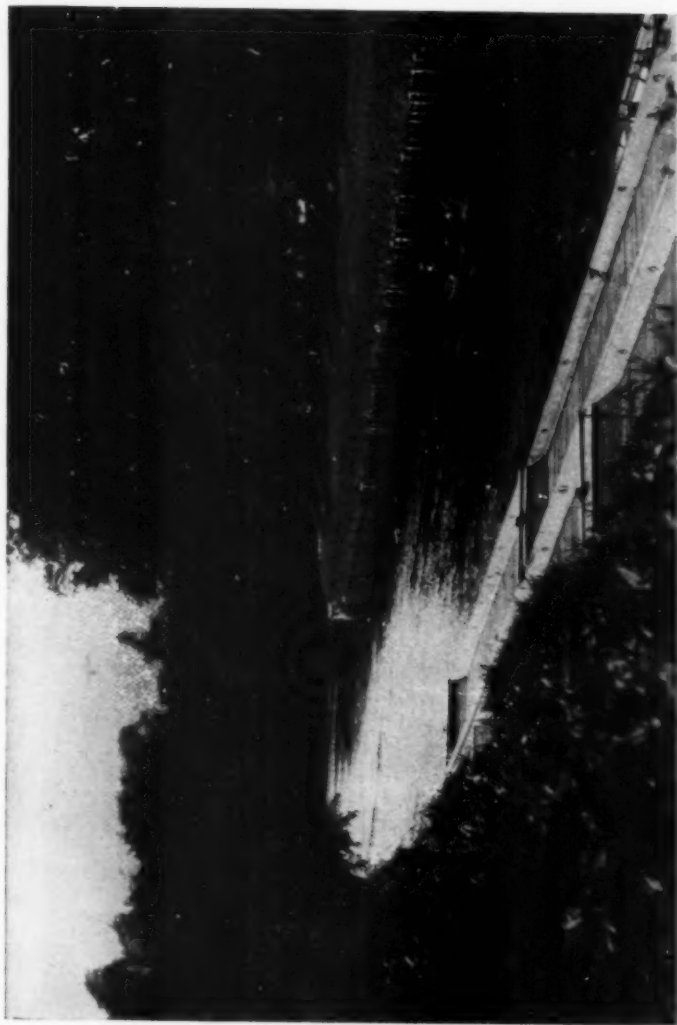
Thus Hotspur, and his father, the Earl of Northumberland, his uncle, the Earl of Worcester, "the irregular



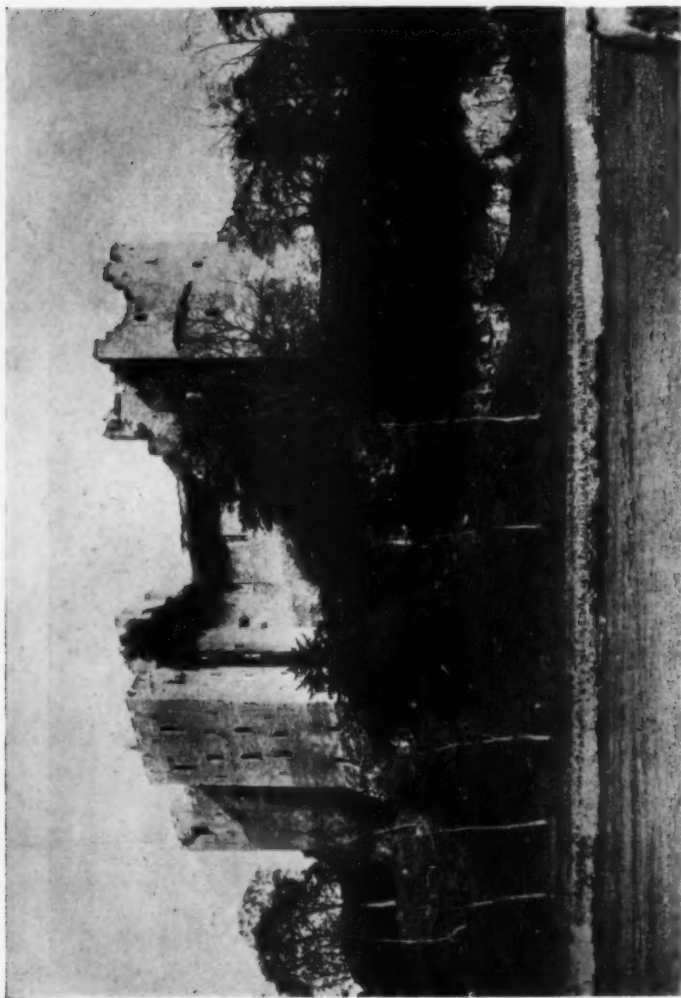
South Porch, Gloucester Cathedral



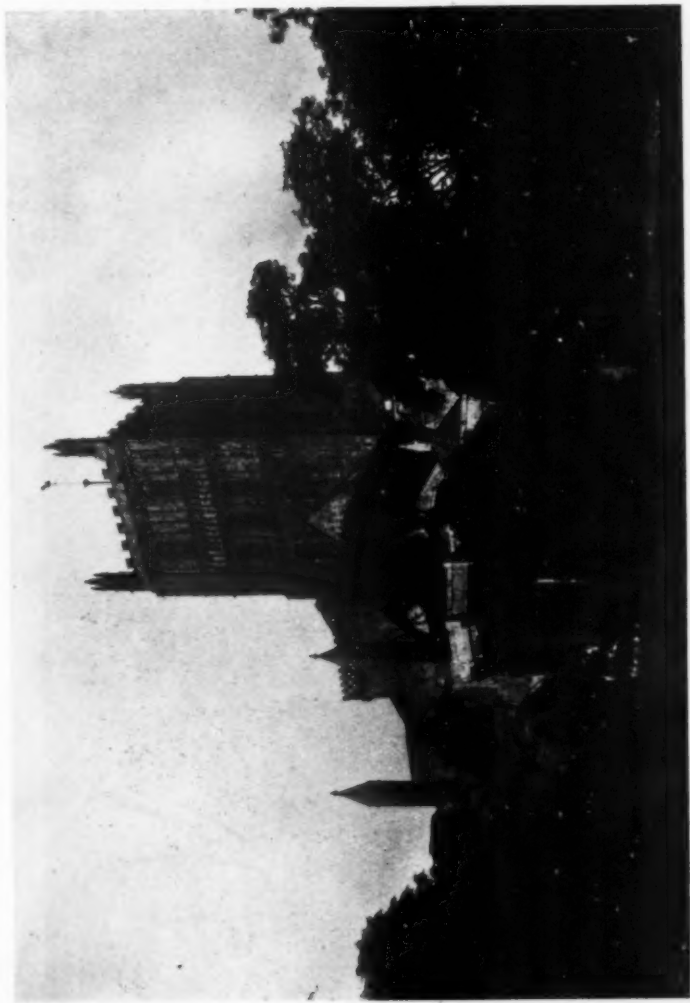
*On the Wye—Hereford Cathedral in the Distance
Photo. by A. J. Wilson, Hereford.*



The Severn below the Quarry, at Shrewsbury
Photo. by Katharine Coman.



Ludlow Castle from the River Meadows



Tewkesbury Abbey from the Northeast



Malvern as Seen from the Beacon Hill. In the Foreground is the Priory.

and wild Glendower" and the valiant Douglas of Scotland raised their united banners against the usurper. Many Cheshire gentlemen, to their sorrow, joined Hotspur as he marched through their country. He came in sight of Shrewsbury on the evening of July 19. But Henry was there before him; the royal standard floated over the castle; and it was three or four miles to the north of the town that the shock of battle came. Five thousand of the rebels and three thousand of the loyal forces fell. The Earl of Worcester was slain on the field, and "that spirit Percy" himself, "the theme of honor's tongue," he who had ever been "sweet fortune's minion and her pride," perished there in the toils of his "ill-weav'd ambition." The traditional spot where he fell is pointed out, as also the antique oak from whose leafy top Owen Glendower is fabled to have watched, at a safe distance, the fortunes of the fight.

Battlefield Church was built in gratitude for this victory, and a perpetual chantry of eight canons was endowed to serve it with daily masses "for the king's salvation during his life, and after his death for his soul, and for the souls of his progenitors and of those who were slain in the battle and were there buried, and for the souls of all the faithful departed." The meadow behind the church, which, with its mounds, ridges and depressions, still bears the battle-scars, is supposed to be the grave of thousands of the soldiers. The masses were duly said for nearly one hundred and fifty years, until the chantry was surrendered to Henry VIII. The church, abandoned after the Dissolution and suffered to fall into decay, has been restored. Its curious image of Our Lady of Pity was an ancient treasure of Albright Hussey, a neighboring hamlet where we paused on our homeward way to see a veritable moated grange, and was brought to Battlefield early in the fifteenth century, when the church was consecrated. In the vestry are two small windows that keep such bits of the original glass as could be gathered up from the pile of shreds and splinters stored away in a farm-building close by. One of the recovered

designs is a figure of Saint Elizabeth of Hungary, vivid, ascetic, with loaf in hand. But more vital yet is the portrait of Henry IV—a royal form robed in such glowing, living crimson as only the old craftsmen knew how to pour into their glass. The face, "wan with care," is earnest and sorrowful.

Many are the battle-tales of these counties on the Welsh marches. William the Conqueror gave leave to certain of his followers to take and hold what land they could in that wild region, and a line of strong castles was erected; but the fierce British, making sudden raids from their mountain fastnesses, were a constant threat and trouble, until Edward I, despite the tuneful curses of all the Welsh bards, reduced them to subjection, putting the last Prince of Wales to a cruel death at Shrewsbury and transferring the title to his own firstborn son. As the jurisdiction of the Marches became of importance, special courts were held by the Prince of Wales either in person or through a deputy known as the Lord President of Wales,—an office not abolished until 1688. The seat of these courts was Ludlow, a place that even to our partial eyes rivalled Shrewsbury in beauty and is counted by many the banner town of England. It stands in the very south of Shropshire on a commanding height just where the river Teme, which forms the Hereford boundary, is joined by the Corve. The lofty-towered Church of St. Lawrence, only second in praise to St. Mary Radcliffe of Bristol, and the impressive remains of what was once both Castle and Princely Palace crown this precipitous mass of rock, from which broad streets, retaining a goodly number of stately timbered houses dating from the times when the Courts of the Marches gathered illustrious companies at Ludlow, descend to plain and river. No description of this once royal residence, with its pure, bracing atmosphere, can better the honest lines of old Tom Churchyard:

"The towne doth stand most part upon a hill,
Built well and fayre, with streates both longe and wide;
The houses such, where straungers lodge at will,
As long as there the Counsell lists abide.

Both fine and cleane the streates are all throughout,
 With condits cleere and wholesome water springs;
 And who that lists to walk the towne about
 Shall find therein some rare and pleasant things;
 But chiefly there the ayre so sweete you have
 As in no place ye can no better crave."

The magnificent old castle has seen strange sights. While undergoing siege by Stephen, in his war against Maud, Prince Henry of Scotland, who accompanied him, was caught up by a long iron hook and all but pulled within the walls. Stephen himself galloped up just in time to cut the cords with his sword and rescue the dangling prince. The redoubtable Sir Hugh de Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore, once lay captive in what is still known as Mortimer's Tower. It cost him three thousand marks of silver, besides all his plate, horses and hawks, to go free again. Ludlow Castle was, at a later period, added by marriage to the already formidable holdings of the Mortimers. Roger de Mortimer took an active part in the deposition of Edward II and was created Earl of March. In imitation of King Arthur, whose great tradition arches over all that countryside, the ambitious young noble held a Round Table, and conducted Queen Isabella, with whom his relations were not above suspicion, and his boy sovereign, Edward III, to his castles of Wigmore and Ludlow, where he entertained them with "great costs in tilts and other pastimes." There was not room in England for him and for a king and his arrogant career was ended on the Smithfield gibbet. Marlowe gives him a proud exit from the tragic stage:

"Weep not for Mortimer
 That scorns the world and, as a traveler,
 Goes to discover countries yet unknown."

It was his great-grandson, Edmund de Mortimer, who, by marriage with the daughter of Prince Lionel, third son of Edward III, gave that other Edmund Mortimer, his descendant, a better title to the throne than that of Henry IV. This last of the Mortimers was until his death the apparently listless center of continual conspiracies. When he gave up his ineffectual ghost, his estates passed to his

nephew, the vigorous Duke of York, who fixed his chief residence at Ludlow Castle. As the York rebellion gathered force and the Wars of the Roses set in, this neighborhood became a center of hostilities. The Lancastrians, in their hour of triumph, wreaked furious vengeance on Ludlow, but Edward IV, on his accession, consoled the town with a liberal charter and selected it as the residence of his sons, the Little Princes of the Tower. It is pleasant to think that before their swift fate came upon them they had a few years of happy childhood playing on the greensward of those spacious courts, perched up with their lesson books in the stone window-seats, and praying their innocent prayers within the arcaded walls of that circular Norman chapel, built on the model of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and praised by Churchyard as

"So bravely wrought, so fayre and finely fram'd,
That to world's end the beauty may endure."

Another princely association, hardly less pathetic, haunts these arched portals and embattled towers. The heir of Henry VII, Prince Arthur, in whom the greatness of Britain's legendary hero was to live again, passed his delicate childhood here, and here, shortly after his marriage to Catherine of Arragon, died suddenly on a spring day of 1502, a lad of sixteen summers. An unknown contemporary tells how letters were hastily despatched from Ludlow to His Majesty's Council, and they, seeking the gentlest bearer of such grievous news, "sent for the King's ghostly father. * * * He in the morning of the Tuesday following, somewhat before the time accustomed, knocked at the King's chamber door; and when the King understood it was his Confessor, he commanded to let him in. The Confessor then commanded all those there present to avoid, and after due salutation began to say, *Si bona de manu Dei suscepimus, mala autem quare non sustineamus?** and so showed his Grace that his dearest son was departed to God. When his Grace understood that sorrowful heavy tidings,

*Job 11:10.

he sent for the Queen, saying that he and his Queen would take the painful sorrows together. After that she was come, and saw the King her lord and that natural and painful sorrow, as I have heard say, she with full great and constant comfortable words besought his Grace that he would, first after God, remember the weal of his own noble person, the comfort of his realm and of her * * * over that how that God had left him yet a fair prince, two fair princesses; and that God is where he was. * * * Then the King thanked her of her good comfort. After that she was departed and come to her own chamber, natural and motherly remembrance of that great loss smote her so sorrowful to the heart, that those that were about her were fain to send for the King to comfort her."

We saw on a Sunday, in the beautiful Church of St. Lawrence, a dole of bread for the poor, a row of twelve goodly loaves set out on a Tudor monument which is believed to commemorate Prince Arthur, and possibly to cover the ashes of his boyish heart, although the body was buried in Worcester Cathedral, where his chantry stands at the right of the High Altar.

Among the tombs in the rich-windowed choir is one whose inscription reads:

"Heare lyethe the bodye of Ambrozia Sydney, iiii daughter of the Right Honourable Syr Henry Sydney, Knight of the moste noble order of the Garter, Lord President of the Counsell of Wales, etc. And of Lady Mary his wyef, daughter of the famous Duke of Northumberland, who dyed in Ludlow Castell, ye 22nd of Februarie, 1574."

We paused there a moment in reverence to Sir Philip Sidney's mother, "a full fair lady," who lost her beauty by nursing Queen Elizabeth, from whom she took contagion, through an attack of the smallpox, and afterwards "chose rather to hide herself from the curious eyes of a delicate time than come upon the stage of the world with any manner of disparagement."

The last Lord Marcher before the Restoration was the Earl of Bridgwater, whose appointment was most glori-

ously celebrated by the creation of Milton's "Comus," presented on Michaelmas Night, 1634, in the Great Hall of the castle. The first to hold the office, thenceforth only nominal, after the Restoration was the Earl of Carberry, whose seneschal was one Samuel Butler, a steward who may or may not have kept good accounts, but who used his pen to effective purpose in writing, in a chamber over the gate, the first portion of "Hudibras."

Ludlow is the center for fascinating excursions. The delicious air and most lovely scenery tempt one forth on roads that run between bird-haunted banks fringed with luxuriant bracken and lined with all manner of trees to whose very tops climbs the aspiring honeysuckle. The glint of red berries from the mountain ash, the drooping sprays of the larches, the silvery glimpses of far vistas framed in leafy green, the spicy forest fragrances, the freshness and buoyancy of the air, all unite to make the spirit glad. From every rise in the road are views that range over a fair outspread of plain and valley, rimmed by gentle hills. All over Worcestershire we looked, and into Wales, and up through Salop to where the Wrekin smiled a gracious recognition. Points of special interest abound,—Haye Wood, where Lady Alice, daughter of the Earl of Bridgwater, and her brothers lost their way and by their little adventure gave young Milton the suggestion for his "Masque; St. Mary's Knoll, once crowned by a venerated image of the Virgin; Oakley Park, with its Druid trees; the little church of Pipe Aston, with its curious semi-cirque of Norman carving over the door; Leinthall church, overtopped at either end by lofty yews; British fort; Tudor mansion; storied battlefield.

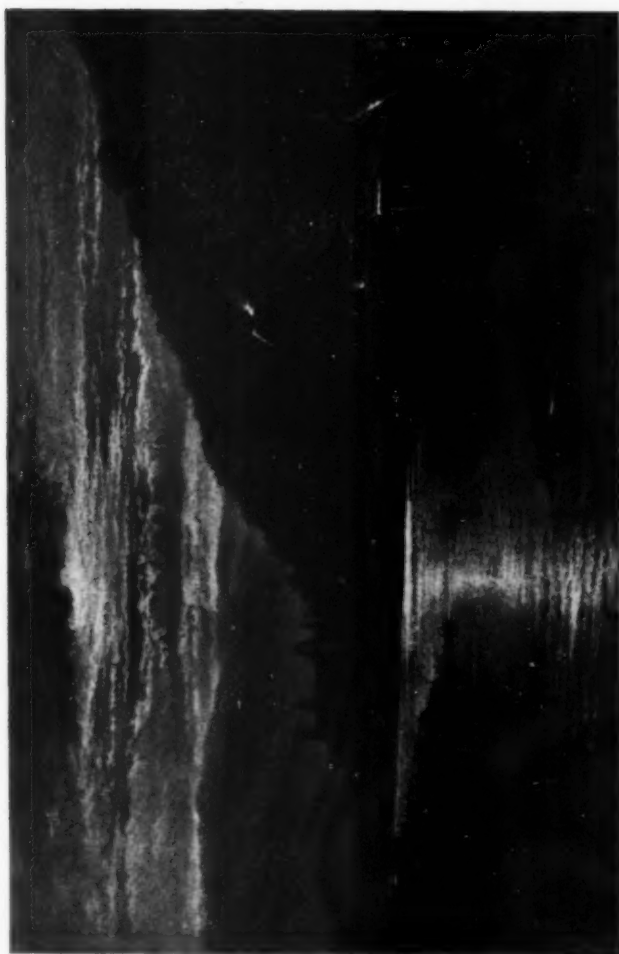
Our first goal was Richard's Castle in Hereford, dating from the reign of Edward the Confessor,—a Norman keep before the Norman Conquest. Nothing of that brave erection is left save a mound of earth and a bit of broken wall. Near-by stands an old church with some remnants of fine glass and with the rare feature, in England, of a detached

bell-tower. We lingered in the graveyard, looking out from a massive recumbent slab that was cleft from end to end, as if the impatient sleeper could not wait for the Archangel's trump, eastward to the Malvern Hills, whose earthly blue melted as softly into the blue of the sky as life melts into death. But a line of rooks flapping roostward awoke us to the flight of time, and the pensive appeal of that quiet spot, with its lichened crosses and grave-mantling growths of grass and ivy, was dispelled by a donkey who thrust his head through a green casement in the hedge and wagged his long ears at us with a quizzical expression.

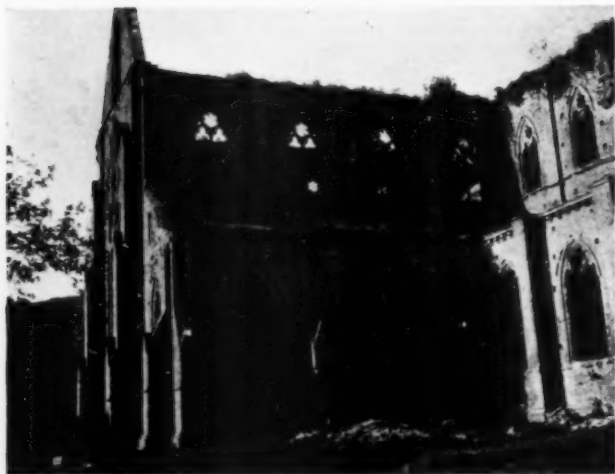
An excursion that could not be foregone, however our consciences pricked us for delay, was that to Wigmore, the once impregnable hold of the Mortimers. As we left Ludlow, we looked back on the looming gray mass of its own still stupendous castle and were hardly prepared to find the rival fortress in such utter desolation of decay. Standing on its sentry height, girdled with its massive walls, it was once a menace to the English throne. Now such towers as yet remain are rent and ragged. Only a curtain of ivy guards the inner gate. Trees have sprung from the dirt-choked embrasures, and purple thistles grow rank in the empty courts. Yet for all the rich cloaking of vine and wall-flower, all the carpeting of moss and blossom, Time has not made peace with this grim ruin. Something sullen and defiant still breathes from those gigantic fragments. Dark openings in the ground give glimpses of stone passages and yawning dungeons that must render the place a paradise for boys. Thence we drove to Wigmore Abbey where the Mortimers lodged the priestly intercessors who had no light task to pray away the sins of that proud and ruthless race. We found a farm resounding with the baaing of sheep and mooing of cows instead of with Latin chants. Wrought into the texture of the grange itself, a weather-stained house of stone, with, as we saw it, a row of decorative pigeons perched on the roof-tree, are remnants of the old carvings and window traceries. At the rear, a long,

low building of the Shropshire black-and-white, with a great bundle of straw bulging from an upper window, retains a fine arched gateway. Pleached fruit trees, climbing roses and purple clematis do their best to console the scene for its lost pieties. On the homeward route, by way of yellow wheat fields, waving woods and running water, we had a wonderful view of the Welsh mountains bathed in the opalescent hues of sunset, a divine lustre through which rang sweetly the vespers of the thrush, and could hardly persuade ourselves that it was from those glorified heights the wave of war used to rush down to break in blood upon the Marches.

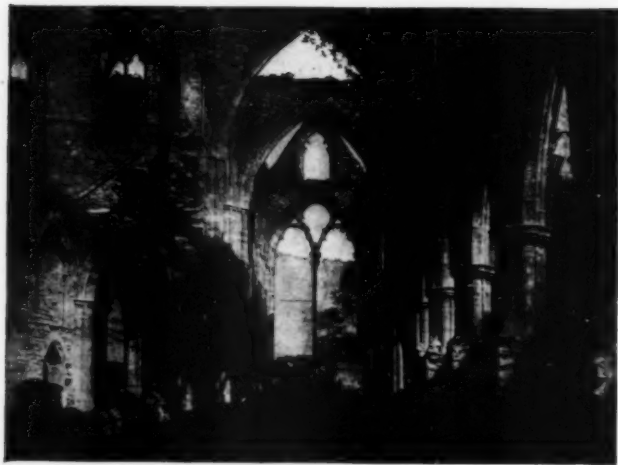
Yet even the little round county of Herefordshire, with its soft green levels, its apple orchards and cider-presses, its hop gardens and those broad fields where graze its famous sheep and cattle, has tragic tales to tell. Wigmore Castle, indeed, is over the Hereford line. A few miles to the north-west are the ruins of Brampton-Bryan Castle, which testifies to the latest war-anguish of these western shires, the struggle to the death between Charles I and Parliament. Here Lady Harley was besieged for over a month by her royalist neighbor, Colonel Lingen, who—ill-done for a cavalier—came up against her, in the absence of her husband and son, with a force of six hundred men. Cheery, gallant, resourceful while the need lasted, Lady Harley gave way when the baffled enemy had withdrawn and wrote her son that if the castle must undergo another siege, she was sure that God would spare her the seeing it. And having so written, she died the following day. In the spring the royalists returned with cannon and battered down the walls, burning and plundering. At the end of the long strife, Parliament awarded Sir Robert Harley, as some partial recompense for his sorrows and losses, the Lingen lands, but Edward Harley, the son of that brave, tender-hearted mother, called at once on Lady Lingen and presented her with the title-deeds. It may be doubted if all the Herefordshire annals record a nobler victory.



Tintern Abbey—Moonlight on the Wye



Tintern Abbey—Outside the Choir
Photo. by Katharine Coman.



Interior of Tintern Abbey



Cloister, Gloucester Cathedral



Old Hatte Inn, Tewkesbury



Old Houses, Shrewsbury

The Wars of the Roses were waged with peculiar ferocity in this section of England. The great battle of Mortimer's Cross, which gave Edward IV his crown, was fought a little to the west of Leominster. Here old Owen Tudor, who had wedded Henry V's French Kate, daughter and widow of kings,—he whose grandson, Henry VII, brought in the Tudor line of English sovereigns, was taken prisoner. He was executed, with all the other prisoners of rank, in Hereford market-place and his head was "set upon the highest grice of the market cross, and a mad woman kemped his hair and washed away the blood from his face, and she got candles and set about him burning, more than one hundred. This Owen Tudor was father unto the Earl of Pembroke, and had wedded Queen Katherine, King Henry VI's mother, weening and trusting always that he should not be beheaded till he saw the axe and block, and when he was in his doublet he trusted on pardon and grace till the collar of his red velvet doublet was ripped off. Then he said, 'That head shall lie on the stock that was wont to lie on Queen Katherine's lap,' and put his heart



Tablet to Miss Mulock, Tewkesbury



Mortimer's Tower, Ludlow Castle

and mind wholly unto God, and full meekly took his death.”*

Earlier civil conflicts, that between Edward II and his barons and that holier war of liberty, won though lost, by Simon de Montfort against his kind and prince, have left graphic memories in Herefordshire. But even these strifes seem recent beside the battle-marks of Offa the Saxon, who built an earthen dyke, still in fairly good preservation, from the Severn to the Wye, to keep the Welshmen back; and beside those thick-set British camps and Roman camps that testify to the stubborn stand of Caractacus and his Silures against the all conquering legions.

We were on a peaceful pilgrimage and could well dispense with visiting Coxwall Knoll, close above Brampton-Bryan, where Caractacus met his crushing defeat, and Sutton Walla, some five miles to the north of Hereford, where Offa, King of the Mercians, betrayed to assassination his guest, King Ethelbert of the East Angles; but we ought to have sought out Holm Lacy, for the sake of the Sir

*“Gregory’s Chronicle.” In “Historical Collections of a Citizen of London in the Fifteenth Century.” Camden Society: 1876.



Prince Arthur's Tower and Norman Chapel, Ludlow Castle



Ludlow Castle—Hall where "Comus" was given



Castle Lodge, Ludlow



The Wyle Cop, Shrewsbury

In the house on the right Henry IV is said to have slept the night before the battle of Shrewsbury.



Suspension Bridge over the Lower Avon at Clifton



The Battlefield, Tewkesbury

Photo. by Katharine Coman.



Caerleon, the Land of Arthur



King John's Bridge over the Severn at Tewkesbury
Photos. by Katharine Coman.



The "heaven directed" Spire of Ross



The Abbey Mill, Tewkesbury

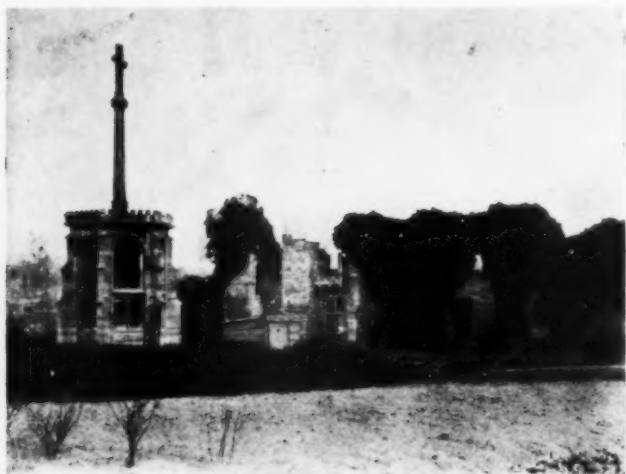
Photos. by Katharine Coman.



Old Bridge over the Teme, Ludford



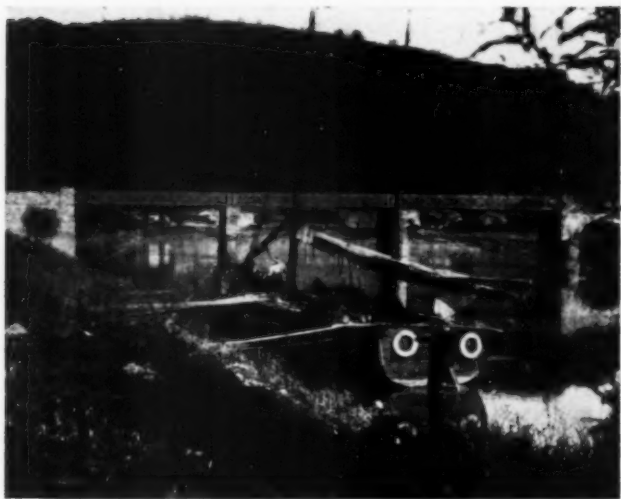
The Ferry over the Severn, Tewkesbury
Photos. by Katharine Coman.



Old Preaching Cross in the Grounds of Coningsby Hospital
Photo. by A. J. Wilson, Hereford.



Farmhouse, Wigmore Abbey
Photo. by Katharine Coman.



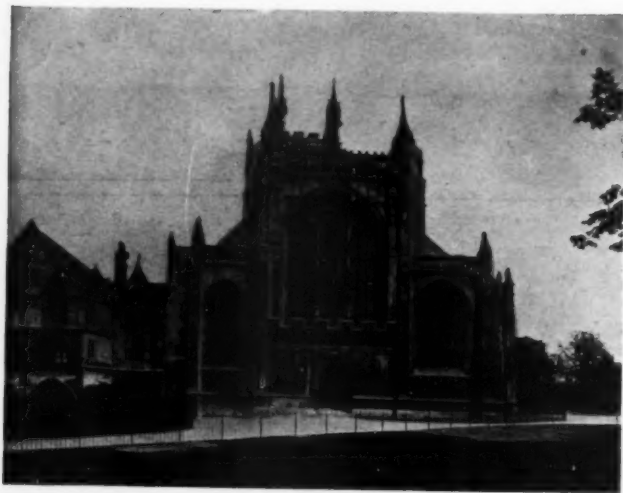
At Tintern—Waiting for the Tide



Wigmore Abbey—Gatehouse used as a Barn
Photo. by Katharine Coman.



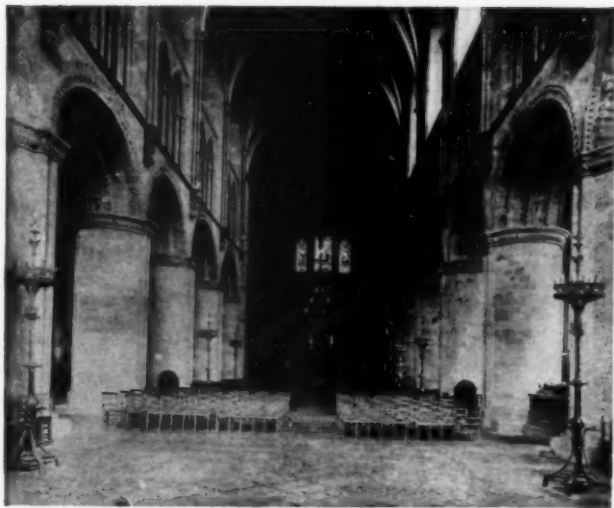
The Old Church, Hereford



West Facade, Gloucester Cathedral

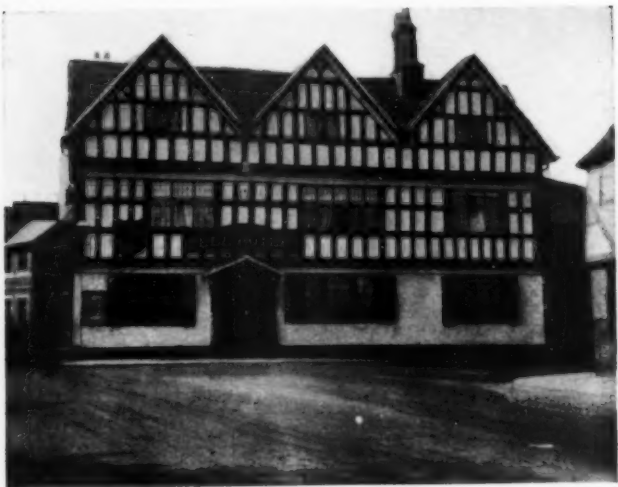


Bristol Cathedral

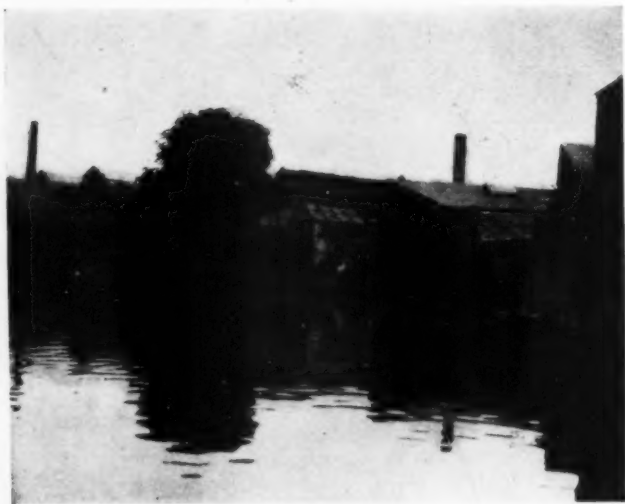


Interior of Hereford Cathedral

Photo. by A. J. Wilson, Hereford.



The House of Abel Fletcher, "John Halifax"



Abel Fletcher's Tannery
Photos. by Katharine Coman.

Scudamour of Spenser's "Faery Queene," and to have visited Hope End, near Ledbury, in loving homage to Elizabeth Barrett Browning. And so we might, had it not been for the innate depravity of man as exemplified in the dourdest driver that ever handled reins. His one aim throughout that trip was not to go anywhere we wished. He would sometimes seem to hesitate at a parting of the ways, but it was only to find out which road was our desire, when, as deaf and dumb to all our protests as if he knew only the Silurian tongue, as impervious to parasol pokes as if he were cased in Roman mail, he would take the other. The only comfort that came to our exasperated souls was the reflection that at sundown we could dismiss Sir Stiffback with his ill-earned shillings and never see his iron phiz again, whereas the unfortunate women of his household, the possible wife, sister, daughter, would have to put up with the unflinching obduracy of that cross-grained disposition until he went the way of Roger de Mortimer. But not even this cromlech of a coachman, though with the worst intentions, could prevent our enjoying the pastoral charm of the quiet land through which we drove, for this county, as Fuller wrote, "doth share as deep as any in the alphabet of our English commodities through exceeding in the W for wood, wheat, wool, and water." As for wood, we saw in Harewood Park, by which our Clod of Wayward Marl* inadvertently drove us, chestnuts and beeches whose height and girth would do credit to California; in point of wheat the county is said to be so fertile that, for all the wealth of cattle, the people have not time to make their own butter and cheese; the wool was reckoned in Fuller's time the finest of all England; and the salmon-loved Wye, which rises, like the Severn, on the huge Plinlymmon mountain, flows with many picturesque turns and "crankling winds" across the country, receiving the Lug, on which Leominster is situate, and further down, the Monnow, which forms the Monmouth boundary.

*"Much Ado About Nothing." Act II; Scene 1.

188 Reading Journey in English Counties

But if we failed to find the white-rose bower of Mrs. Browning's childhood, and her classic

"garden-ground,
With the laurel on the mound,
And the pear-tree oversweeping
A side-shadow of green air"

—does the turf remember her Hector with "brazen helm of daffodilies" and "a sword of flashing lilies?"—we were on poetic territory in the streets of Hereford. It was here, as Mr. Dobell's happy discovery has shown, that a lyricist, Thomas Trahearn, worthy of the fellowship of Herbert and of Vaughan passed his early years, a shoemaker's son, like Marlowe in another cathedral city, Canterbury. If we could have seen Hereford as this humble little lad saw it, it would have been a celestial vision, for truly he said: "Certainly Adam in Paradise had not more sweet and curious apprehensions of the world than I when I was a child." His own description of this radiant star we so blindly inhabit as it first dazzled his innocent senses is too exquisite to be passed over:

"The corn was orient and immortal wheat which never should be reaped nor was ever sown. I thought it had stood from everlasting to everlasting. The dust and stones of the street were as precious as gold; the gates were at first the end of the world. The green trees when I saw them first through one of the gates transported and ravished me; their sweetness and unusual beauty made my heart to leap, and almost mad with ecstasy, they were such strange and wonderful things. The Men! O what venerable and reverend creatures did the aged seem! Immortal Cherubim! And young men, glittering and sparkling angels; and maids, strange seraphic pieces of life and beauty! Boys and girls tumbling in the street were moving jewels: I knew not that they were born or should die. But all things abided eternally as they were in their proper places. Eternity was manifest in the Light of the Day, and something infinite behind everything appeared, which talked with my expectation and moved my desire. The City seemed to stand in Eden or to be built in Heaven."

If this were the Hereford of the first half of the seventeenth century, the city has dimmed a little since, yet we found it a pleasant town enough, with the Wye murmuring

beside it and its ancient cathedral of heroic history reposing in its midst. Garrick was born in Hereford, and poor Nell Gwynne, and in the north transept of the cathedral is a brass to John Philips, who endeared himself to all the county by his poem on "Cyder." We went to see the Preaching Cross that marks the site of a monastery of the Black Friars, neighbored now by the Red Cross Hospital for old soldiers and servants. One of these beneficiaries, in the prescribed "fustian suit of ginger color," eagerly showed us about and was sorely grieved that we could not wait to hear his rambling chronicle to the end. The rest of our time in Hereford outside our hostelry—the Green Dragon, most amiable of monsters—we spent in the cathedral, an old acquaintance, but so passing rich in beauties and in curiosities that at the end of our swift survey we were hardly more satisfied than at the beginning. We will come back to it some time—to the grave old church that has grown with the centuries and, unabashed, mingles the styles of various periods,—the church in which Stephen was crowned and Ethelbert buried; to the croziered bishops in their niches, the two great, thirteenth-century bishops among them, D'Aquablauca, the worst of saints with the loveliest of tombs, and Cantilupe, so godly that he never allowed his sister to kiss him, of such healing virtues that even sick falcons were cured at his shrine; to the Knights Templars, mail-clad, treading down fell beasts; to the wimpled dames with praying hands shadowed by angel-wings; to the Chapter Library with its chained tomes; and to that medieval *Mappa Mundi* (about 1313) showing the earth with its encircling ocean, Eden and Paradise above, and such unwonted geographical features sprinkled about as the Phoenix, Lot's Wife, and the Burial Place of Moses.

Our surly coachman deposited us at Ross, the little border town with houses sloping from the hilltop to the Wye, while behind and above the mall rises a tall grey spire. Here our faith in human nature was promptly restored by that contemplation of the virtues of The Man of Ross which

even the public-house signboards forced upon us. This John Kyrle, so lauded by Pope, was a cheery old bachelor of modest income, the most of which he expended for the town in works of practical benevolence, planting elms, laying out walks, placing fountains and caring for the poor.

"Whose cause-way parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveler repose?
Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise?
'The Man of Ross,' each lisping babe replies."

But the lisping babes are wrong as to this last particular, for Kyrle did not build the spire, although he gave the church its gallery and pulpit.

At Ross we ought to have taken to the water, for the scenery of the Lower Wye, with its abrupt cliffs, rich woods and smiling meadows, is one of the prides of England, but we had run so far behind our dates, by the dear fault of Shropshire, that we went on by train. The rail, however, follows the river, and we had—or thought we had—swift glimpses of the romantic ruins of Wilton Castle, one of the old Border keeps, and of Goodrich castle, where Wordsworth met the little maid of "We are Seven." This valley of the Wye, which was to the poet Grey the delight of his eyes and "the very seat of pleasure," yields striking effects in wooded crag and gorge at Symond's Yat, but we enjoyed hardly less the tranquil reaches of green pasture, where the afternoon sunshine still lay so warm that little groups of sheep were cuddled at the foot of every tree. The ancient town of Monmouth, in its nest of hills, reminded us not merely of its royal native, Henry V,

—"Ay, he was born at Monmouth,
Captain Gower"—

but of that twelfth-century romancer, Geoffrey of Monmouth, whose "History of the Britons," with its fluent account of the doings of hitherto unheard-of kings, especially Arthur the Giant Killer and his false queen Guanhumara, so scandalized his contemporaries that they did not scruple to call him a "shameless and impudent liar" and to report that legions of devils had

been seen hovering over his manuscript. About seven miles to the south-west of Monmouth is Raglan Castle, where Charles I took refuge after Naseby. Its gallant lord, the Marquis of Worcester, then in his eighty-fourth year, stood a siege of ten weeks, not capitulating until the loyal little garrison, fast diminishing, was reduced to such extremities that the horses ate their halters for want of forage. I had visited, some fifteen years before, those war-scarred towers, tapestried with marvelous masses of ivy, and from the windows of the Royal Apartments had looked out on that lovely western view in which the harassed Stuart took solace. Lord Herbert, son of the staunch old royalist, invented and constructed a machine, the terror of the peasantry, which has a good claim to be counted the first steam-engine. The so-called Yellow Tower was the scene of his wizardcraft. The Great Hall now lies open to wind and weather, and but one wall of the chapel stands, its two stone effigies peeping out from their ivy-curtained niches.

We quitted the train at Tintern, where our stay was all too short, notwithstanding the memory of tranquil weeks spent there in a previous summer. The ruins of Tintern Abbey are of a peculiarly austere and noble beauty. Its foundation dates back to 1131, only three years after the coming of the Cistercians into England. It was the third of their English houses, which came to number nearly two hundred. It stood in its full grace, the Gothic style just leaning toward the Decorated, when the Dissolution struck its uses from it and left it to gradual decay. Roofed by the blue skies of a summer noon, with wooded hills looking in through the unglazed mullions of the windows, or in the glory of the moonlight, the silver lustre flooding empty nave and silent cloisters and illuming with its searching shafts rare bits of carven foliage, Tintern wears perhaps a purer loveliness in its desolation than ever before. Our farewell visit was paid in an early morning hour. In that freshness of the day, those slender pillars and arches delicately wrought presented an aspect more than ever grave

and melancholy. There is nothing of the grotesque here, and comparatively little of ornamental detail to distract the mind from the impression of the whole. The rooks that peered over from their lofty perch above the great east window, whose remaining traceries were etched in shadow on the turf, and the bright-eyed little red-breasts that hopped fearlessly about did not, it is true, observe the Cistercian rule of silence; but the shining wings of doves fluttering from one grey wall to another might well have been the embodied prayers of those White Monks who so often chanted matins at the long-since fallen altars.

We went from the Abbey to the train. Still the railroad followed the winding river. A fleeting sight of the towering Wyndcliff reminded me of a by-gone afternoon when, unexpectedly bringing up on a ramble at Moss Cottage, I undertook, quite too late for prudence, a solitary ascent of this inviting steep. From the summit I looked out over mellow-tinted autumnal woods to the looping ribbon of the Wye, the white cliffs known as the Twelve Apostles rising beyond, and still beyond the sail-bearing Severn, with villages and church-towers discernible in the far distance and, best of all, the rose of sunset glowing upon the face of the Black Mountains. It was a sublime vision, but when the western flush had faded out and I must needs descend by that ever-darkening path which took its zig-zag course among thick yews and down slippery slabs of slate, I came to the conclusion it was not written that my neck should be broken on this side of the Atlantic.

We had only an hour at Chepstow, but the picturesque river-town was not new to us, and the hour sufficed to revive our memories of its rock-based old castle overhanging the Wye, the castle where Jeremy Taylor was once imprisoned, and its Norman church with deeply-recessed doorway. At Chepstow we took train for Newport, crossing the strip of garden-land that lies between the Wye, the Gloucestershire boundary, and its almost parallel stream, the Usk. West Monmouth is Black Country, forming a part of the South

Wales coal-field, and we were not surprised to find Newport a busy harbor, grimy with its exports of coal and iron. We heard a strange tongue spoken all about us and realized that Monmouthshire, nominally English since the time of Henry VIII, is still largely Welsh in manners and in character. The old Newport is much obscured by the new. The castle, where Simon de Montfort took refuge, is in good part hidden behind a flourishing brewery, but the Church of St. Woollos, built high upon Stow Hill, still dominates the scene. This church has a history even older than its fine Norman architecture, for it is told that Harold once plundered the town, desecrating the original sanctuary and breaking open the cheeses, which he found filled with blood. Then he was aghast and repented, but a month later, according to the monastic record, "for that wickedness and other crimes" he fell at Hastings.

Our goal was Caerleon, three miles up the Usk, a quiet little village that was once the capital of South Wales, once the Isea Silurum of the Romans, and once, in the misty realm of romance, that Caerleon-upon-Usk where Arthur was crowned and where the ninth of his twelve great battles was fought. Tennyson's Lancelot relates to spellbound listeners in the Castle of Astolat how

"at Caerleon had he helped his lord,
When the strong neighings of the wild White Horse
Set every gilded parapet shuddering."

But the "Mabinogion," that treasury of fanciful old Welsh tales, gives by way of contrast, a naïve and somewhat gaudy picture of the king enjoying his repose:

"King Arthur was at Caerlleon upon Usk; and one day he sat in his chamber; and with him were Owain the son of Urien, and Kynon the son of Clydno, and Kai the son of Kyner; and Gwenhwyar and her hand-maidens at needlework by the window.
* * * In the center of the chamber, King Arthur sat upon a seat of green rushes, over which was spread a covering of flame-coloured satin; and a cushion of red satin was under his elbow.
* * * And the King went to sleep."

If the ghosts of the Second Augustan Legion could re-

turn for an hour to this their frontier station, deep in the British wilds, they would find ranged and labeled in a neat museum shards of their pottery, broken votive tablets, fragments of sculptured figures, among them a Medusa whose stony stare might seem to have taken effect, urns whose ashes were long since scattered, bits of mosaic pavement, coins, lamps, needles, hairpins, waifs and strays of their "unconsidered trifles." But the dimmer wraith of King Arthur would discover no more than a weedy mound and hollow in a ragged field, where autumnal dandelions keep the only glints of his golden memory. We met there an old laborer stooping beneath the heavy sack upon his shoulder. He told us that the mound was Arthur's Round Table, but as for the hollow—apparently the site of a Roman open amphitheater—he could only shake his grey head and confide: "They do say as was a grand palace there long ago and one day it all sunk under,—sunk way down into the ground."

The Usk, which has reflected such lost splendors, empties into the broad estuary of the Severn a little lower down than the Wye, which rejoins the greater river at Chepstow. The Severn, which has its rising not two miles from the Wye in the Welsh mountains, makes a wider sweep to the east, crossing Shropshire, Worcester and Gloucester. Worcester, indeed, mainly consists of the Middle Severn valley, with ranges of low hills on either side. This fertile basin abounds, like the Hereford vale of the Wye, in apple-orchards and pear-orchards, hop-gardens and wheat-fields, but the enterprising little shire has developed, too, a number of manufacturing industries. On the north it runs up into the Black Country of Staffordshire; Dudley, Stourbridge and Oldburg are murky with the smoke and smudge of factory chimneys. Glass is a specialty of Stourbridge, carpets of Kidderminster, salt of Droitwich, and needles and fish-hooks of Redditch. Nail-making used to be the bread and beer of ten thousand cottages at the foot of the Clent and Lickey Hills.

The Counties of the Severn Valley 195

But intermingled with its thriving crafts and trades is another wealth of historic associations and natural beauties. In the dense woods which once covered the county, hostile bands have dodged or sought one another from time immemorial, notably during the Civil Wars of Simon de Montfort and of the Roses. Even so late as the Parliamentary War, there remained forest enough to do good service to a fugitive. It was in an oak of Boscobel Wood, on the Salop border, that after the disastrous battle of Worcester

"the younger Charles abode
Till all the paths were dim
And far below the Roundhead rode
And hummed a surly hymn."

The points of specific literary interest are not many. Little St. Kenelm underwent his martyrdom by the Clent Hills; Richard Baxter ministered for twenty-two years to a rough flock in Kidderminster; Samuel Butler was born in Streusham-on-the-Avon; Samuel Johnson went to school in Stourbridge; and the Leasowes, near by, was the home of Shenstone, who made it one of the most attractive estates in England. But the Malvern Hills keep a great, dim memory, that of the fourteenth-century visionary associated with the West Midland allegory of "Piers Plowman." We are not sure of his name, though we speak of him as Langland; the rugged, earnest old poem in its three versions may yet be proved to be of composite rather than single authorship; we ourselves, though of Long Will's discipleship, had not faith enough in the personal tradition to visit the reputed birth-place at Cleobury Mortimer in Shropshire; but on those breezy slopes still seems to linger the wistful presence of a gaunt, "forwardred" clerk who

"On a May mornynge on Malverne hilles"
dreamed the Easter dream, still unfulfilled on earth, of
human brotherhood.

These gracious heights, standing

"Close as brother leans to brother,"

196 Reading Journey in English Counties

gave hiding for some four years to Sir John Oldcastle, the genial Lollard who made merry with Prince Hal, but would not renounce his faith, and was finally given up by the over-orthodox young king to the bishops. Henry V himself was present at the martyrdom, peculiarly revolting, but the worst of it all is that Shakespeare, consciously or unconsciously, endorsed the Roman Catholic caricature and wronged a true and generous spirit in his ineffaceable portrait of Sir John Falstaff, Prince Hal's "old lad of the castle." It must be that Raggedstone Hill, which casts a curse on whomsoever its shadow touches, gloomed with peculiar blackness over the hunted knight. Its ominous shade is said to have stolen on Cardinal Wolsey and on those royal fugitives of the Red Rose, Margaret of Anjou and the hapless young Prince Edward.

From the summit of Worcester Beacon and from other of the higher Malvern crests the view ranges, on a clear day, over some fifteen counties and embraces the six momentous battlefields of Shrewsbury, Mortimer's Cross, Edge Hill, Worcester, Evesham and Tewkesbury, and the three cathedrals of Hereford, Worcester and Gloucester, besides the remnants of six great religious houses of medieval England,—Great and Little Malvern, Pershore, Evesham, Deerhurst and Tewkesbury. Little Malvern Priory, established in the twelfth century by a band of Benedictine monks from Worcester who sought the wilds that they might emulate the life of hermits, survives only in fragments, but the church of Great Malvern Priory, an earlier outgrowth from Worcester, keeps its Norman interior with rich treasures of stained glass and miserere carvings. We had passed through the Vale of Evesham toward the close of our long Midland drive and seen the scant but beautiful relics of its mitred abbey, but we failed to follow the Avon on to Pershore, one of the richest and most powerful of the old monastic foundations. Not only were these monasteries planted in the fairest and most fruitful lands of the county, but a large portion of Worcestershire was owned by them and by the

neighboring abbeys of Gloucestershire. In all this horde of priests one has a special claim to literary remembrance,—Layamon, who dwelt in the hamlet of Eruley, near the junction of the Severn and the Stour. He constitutes an important link in the passing on of the Arthurian legend, which first related in Latin prose by that entertaining prelate Geoffrey of Monmouth, had been already rendered into French verse by Wace, the professional chronicler of the Plantagenets. Layamon retold and amplified the story, using the French poem as his basis, but aided by two other works whose identity is doubtful.

"Layamon these books beheld and the leaves he turned. He them with love beheld. Aid him God the Mighty! Quill he took with his fingers, and wrote on book-skin, and the true words set together, and the three books pressed into one."

We could pay only a flying visit to Malvern this summer, but in other summers have resorted thither again and again for the refreshment of the blithe air and pure water and of walking on those turfy hills where many a grateful sojourner has left path or seat to ease the climber's way.

Worcester, too, was familiar ground, and this time we gave but a few hours to the "Faithful City," which paid so dearly for its steadfast loyalty to Charles I. The unspeakable Parliamentarians proved nearly as destructive as the Danes, who, in the ninth century and again in the eleventh, had sacked the town. The militant Presbyterians wreaked their piety most of all upon the Cathedral, leaving it roofless, its splendid glass all shattered, its brasses wrenched away, its altars desecrated and torn down. We found the red-brick city on the Severn brisk and cheerful, with its proud shop-window display of its own products, from the Royal Worcester China to Worcestershire Sauce, with the deeply laden barges that almost hid the river; its lively hop market; and its grunting sows, each with her litter of recalcitrant little pigs, driven in a meandering course through the main street by ruddy boys and girls. The cathedral, whose memories embrace St. Dunstan and St. Wulstan and that

198 Reading Journey in English Counties

stout-hearted old martyr of Oxford, Bishop Latimer—who had himself once presided at the burning of a friar—uplifted our hearts with its noble vista of nave and choir. The crowned tenant of that choir, King John, ought to be troubled in his gilded rest by the proximity of a Prince Arthur, though not the Arthur to whom he did such grievous wrong. The best of the cathedral is, to my thinking, the solemn grace of the crypt, beneath whose light-pillared arches stand about various stone figures of rueful countenance. After their centuries of sunlight, high-niched on the central tower, the Restorer has scornfully dislodged them and dungeoned them down here.

Just below Worcester the Severn is augmented by the Teme, which has valiantly cut its way through the line of western hills to join the court of Sabrina, and at Tewkesbury, on the Gloucester border, it receives its most famous affluent, Shakespeare's Avon. Tewkesbury was new to us, and we lingered there two days, wishing we might make them twenty. As it was we had to forego the delightful trip on the Severn to Deerhurst, an old monastic town whose pre-Norman church is said to be of extremely curious architecture.

Tewkesbury Abbey, which outranks in size ten of the twenty-eight English cathedrals, is one of the most illustrious churches in the United Kingdom. Unlike most of the larger monastic establishments, it was under the control of a succession of great families whose deeds and misdeeds form no small part of the history of England. Fitz-Hamon, kin to the Conqueror, swept away what buildings of the old Saxon abbey he may have found there, and erected the magnificent Norman church which still awes the beholder. The ashes of Fitz-Hamon, who died in 1107, rest near the High Altar. The next lord of Tewkesbury to be buried in the Abbey was Gilbert de Clare, one of the signers of the Magna Charta. The name of his father, Richard de Clare, headed the list, and one of the seven copies of the Great Charter was deposited in the Abbey. Every

lord of Tewkesbury after Gilbert de Clare was interred in this church, which, for the next two hundred and fifty years, until the lordship of Tewkesbury was absorbed into the Crown, grew ever more splendid with costly monuments. The widow of Gilbert de Clare married the brother of Henry III, Richard, Duke of Cornwall, but although she thus became a countess of many titles and one of the first ladies of the land, she asked in dying, to be buried beside the husband of her youth in Tewkesbury. To this her second husband would not agree, but he was magnanimous enough to send her poor, homesick heart back to the Abbey in a silver vase, which was duly placed in Earl Gilbert's marble mausoleum.

The De Clares of Tewkesbury, Earls of Gloucester and Hereford, were a warrior race. The second Gilbert, called the Red Earl, fought both with Simon de Montfort, and against him, and the third Gilbert, his son, fell at Bannockburn. By his early death the lordship of Tewkesbury passed from the De Clares, who had held it for nearly a century, to the young earl's brother-in-law, Hugh le Despencer. This new Earl of Gloucester had succeeded Piers Gaveston in the perilous favor of Edward II. When Roger de Mortimer, by the unhallowed aid of Queen Isabel, triumphed over the king, the elder Despencer, a man of ninety, was hanged at Bristol, and his son, Hugu le Despencer, crowned with nettles, was swung from a gallows fifty feet high, in a hubbub of mockeries and rejoicings, at Hereford. His widow collected the scattered quarters of his body, exposed in various towns, and interred them in the Abbey under a richly carved and coloured monument. The Despenchers, though no longer Earls of Gloucester, held the lordship of Tewkesbury for wellnigh another hundred years, cherishing and beautifying the fabric of the church and adding lavishly to its memorials of bronze and marble and to its treasure of chalices, copes and jewels.

Early in the fifteenth century the male line of the Despenchers became extinct, and the Lady Isabel, sister of the

last Lord Despencer, succeeded to the ecclesiastical honors of the family. Married in the Abbey at the age of eleven to Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Worcester, she was widowed ten years later and found her solace in building an exquisite chapel, known as the Warwick Chantry, in her husband's memory. Her second husband, cousin to the first, was Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, whom she commemorated in the still more elaborate Beauchamp Chapel at Warwick; but she herself chose to lie at Tewkesbury. Her daughter married Warwick the King-maker and became the mother of two fair girls of most pathetic story. The elder, Isabel, was wedded to George, Duke of Clarence, brother of Edward III,—“false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence”—who is supposed to have been murdered in the Tower through the agency of his brother Richard—drowned, the whisper went, in a butt of Malmsey wine. A fortnight earlier his wife and an infant child had died, probably of poison. A son and daughter survived, who, for the royal blood that flowed in their veins, were regarded with uneasiness by the Tudor kings and ultimately sent to the block. The daughter, Margaret Plantagenet, superintended the education of the Princess Mary, and was once described by Henry VIII himself as “the most saintly woman in England.” But she was the mother of Cardinal Pole, who had angered the tyrant and was on the Continent out of his reach; so this reverend and gracious lady, at the age of sixty-eight, had her stately head clumsily hacked off by a prentice executioner on Tower Hill, where her innocent brother had perished forty-two years before. The second daughter of the Countess Isabel had an even more pitiful life than her sister's, for her first husband was Prince Edward, the last Lancastrian, and then, after he had been foully slain, she strangely accepted the hand of one of his murderers, Richard of Gloucester, the worst of the Yorkists, by whom she was soon, it would appear coolly put out of the world. A favorite saying of the county, probably having reference to the extraordinary number and wealth of its religious houses,

runs: "As sure as God in Gloucestershire," but one can hardly read these tragedies of Tewkesbury without feeling that the Devil has been no stranger there.

The lamentable Wars of the Roses, which had drenched England with blood, threw up their last red spray against the Abbey. The resolute Queen Margaret and her son had attempted, with an army raised by the Duke of Somerset, to get possession of Gloucester, but they found it already held by the Yorkists and hastened on to Tewkesbury. Still weary from their forced march, they were attacked by Edward at break of a summer dawn (1471), while the monks were chanting matins in the Abbey, and sustained a signal defeat. The place of slaughter is still known as Bloody Meadow. The Duke of Somerset, with a few knights and squires, took refuge within the sacred walls, but Edward and his followers, hot for vengeance, rushed in to slay them even there. The abbot, who had just been celebrating mass, came from the altar and, holding the consecrated host high in his hands, stood between the furious Yorkists and their prey. The war-wrath was for the moment stayed, and Edward gave his word to respect the peace of the sanctuary. But after a service of thanksgiving, the blood-anointed king and his fierce nobles withdrew to a house hard by, where that unhappy younger Edward, the legitimate heir to the throne, was brought a defenceless prisoner into their presence, insulted, assailed and slain. The rumor went that the king himself had with his gauntleted hand struck the royal youth across the mouth and in an instant the others, like wild beasts, were upon him, Richard of Gloucester in the front. It is believed that the mangled, boyish body was buried in the Abbey under the central tower.

But while the lords of Tewkesbury stormed through their brief careers, coming one after another to lie, battle-bruised, stabbed, headless, quartered, even with the halter-mark about the neck, within the solemn hush of the great church, its Benedictine monks went on a quiet way, tilling the soil, writing glosses, copying service-books, chanting

prayers, exercising a large hospitality and a larger charity. At the Dissolution, the townspeople, who had from time immemorial used the nave as their parochial church, bought the choir and chapels from Henry VIII, so that this noble structure, so significant in English story, escaped the fate of Furness, Tintern and the many more.

We had ourselves a little difficulty in getting beyond the nave. We had gone in an hour before service on a Sunday evening, hoping to be allowed to walk around the choir, but we incurred scathing rebuke from a red-haired verger, who had practiced like eloquence on Sunday automobile parties until his flow of denunciation was Hebraic. We gave way at once, expressed due contrition, and meekly sat down to wait for evensong. Whereupon, after furtively eyeing us from behind one pillar after another, he cautiously approached and with searching little blue eyes severely inquired if we really intended to stay for the service,—“all through the sermon, ye understand; not just for the music.” Our reply so raised us in his opinion that he actually took us on the rounds, proving an intelligent and even jocose conductor, and we, for our part, heard the sermon to the end, not daring to stir from our places until the last note of “Milton’s organ” had died away.

Many visitors come to this attractive old town, with its timbered houses and pleasant river-walks, for the sake of “John Halifax, Gentleman.” The scenes of Mrs. Craik’s tender romance, Abel Fletcher’s dwelling, the mill on the Avon, the tannery, the remains of the famous hedge, the garden where the two lads talked, are pointed out as soberly and simply as that ancient house in Church Street whose floor is said still to keep the stain of princely blood, or the cross where the Duke of Somerset and his companions, dragged from the shelter of the Abbey in violation of the king’s own promise, were beheaded.

But the Severn, with ever-broadening flow, a tidal river now that fills and shallows twice a day, bears onward to the sea. Her course lies for a while through orchards and

wheat-fields. The Cotswolds, separating the Severn valley from the basin of the Thames and constituting the bulk of Gloucestershire, rise in billowy outlines on the east and, presently, Dean Forest, one of the few remaining patches of England's formerly abundant woods, uplifts its "broad and burly top" on the west. The earth beneath those oaks and beeches has hoards of mineral wealth, and furnaces are scattered through the forest glades. At Gloucester the Severn divides, that

"with the more delight
She might behold the towne of which she's wondrous proud."

And a fine old town it is, still keeping in its four right-angled streets, the original Roman plan. Large vessels can make their way up the Severn as far as Gloucester, which Elizabeth, to Bristol's neighborly disgust, chartered as a sea-port, though the Berkley Canal, opened in 1827, is now the regular channel. The cathedral stands upon ground hallowed since the seventh century. This building, for all the solemn grandeur of its Norman nave, is of most interest, from an architectural point of view, because of its gradual development of the Perpendicular style, gloriously manifest in choir and cloister. Its masons seem to have been particularly ingenious, for the building abounds in original and fanciful features of which the Whispering Gallery is only an example. Its martyr is John Hooper, Bishop of Gloucester and Worcester. One of Mary's earlier victims, he was sent from London back to Gloucester, where he was greatly beloved, to be burned before the eyes of his own flock. Many royal prayers have been murmured beneath these vaulted roofs, and many royal feasts of Severn salmon and lamprey-pie held in the grey city. The Saxon kings were much at Gloucester; William the Conqueror spent his Yule-tides here whenever he could, and here, in the chapter house, he ordered the compilation of Domesday Book; Rufus, Henry I, Henry II and John often visited the town, and Henry III, as a boy of ten, was crowned in the cathedral. Parliaments were held in Gloucester by Ed-

ward I, Richard II, Henry IV and Henry V, and from Gloucester Richard III, with whom murder had grown to be a habit, is supposed to have sent secret orders to the Tower for the smothering of his little nephews. In a side-chapel is the tomb of Robert, Duke of Normandy, eldest son of the Conqueror. The effigy, of Irish oak, is so instinct with force and vigor in its only half recumbent posture that the iron screen seems really necessary to hold the Norman down. But the royal burial that made the fortunes of the cathedral was that of the wretched Edward II, whose canopied tomb in the choir became a favorite shrine of pilgrimage.

Still the Severn, now with a burden of heavily-freighted barges, a mighty flood that has left more than one hundred miles behind the tiny pool, three inches deep, in which it rose, sweeps on, past the stern walls of Berkeley Castle, where Edward II was cruelly done to death, toward the Somerset boundary. Here it receives the waters of the lower Avon, on which the great port of Bristol stands, and so the proud Sabrina leads her retinue of streams into the Bristol Channel,

"Supposing then herself a sea-god by her traine."





Benjamin Jowett, Teacher, Platonist, and Scholar*

By Paul Shorey

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THE irresistible charm of his style and the wide acceptance of his translations of Plato, Aristotle, and Thucydides sufficiently account for the reputation of Jowett the author. But the career of the teacher and the personal power of the man were deeply rooted in the peculiar conditions of English University life. Balliol scholar at the age of nineteen, fellow of Balliol while still an undergraduate at twenty-one, tutor at twenty-five, Regius Professor of Greek at thirty-eight, master of Balliol from fifty-three till his death, Vice-Chancellor of the University from sixty-five to sixty-nine, never married, absorbed in the routine of tutoring and college administration, he might seem to have led the typically scholastic life of the dons whom in one of his sermons he maliciously described as "sitting in their chairs and growing—narrower year by year." Two things redeemed him. He taught not a technical specialty but the Greek classics, to know and love which is in itself a liberal education. And he taught them not by impersonal lectures to a mob of Sophomores, but in intimate personal communion with the chosen

*This is the fifth in a series of studies of famous Englishmen which will appear in THE CHAUTAUQUAN during the months from December to May: Charles Darwin, by Prof. John M. Coulter (December); John Burns, by Mr. John Graham Brooks (January); Dean Stanley by Bishop Williams of Michigan (February); Sir Edward Burne-Jones, by Prof. Cecil Lavell (March); Benjamin Jowett by Paul Shorey; Gladstone, by Mr. John Graham Brooks.

youth of all England, who for fifty years went out from Balliol to make a name in literature, law, statesmanship, or science.

The college was his family, he said, and the honor, love, obedience, troops of friends that encompassed his old age, were the rich recompense of his never failing devotion to the spiritual welfare and worldly interests of every member of it both before and after graduation. This result was due, however, not to the man alone, but as in all great things, to the conjunction of the man and the opportunity. It was possible, only in Victorian England, where two universities, Oxford and Cambridge, and two courses of study, classics and mathematics, divided between them the entire flower of the nation's youth. Jowett's career can hardly be repeated in twentieth century England. Still less is it within the reach of any German lecturer, or any isolated American professor in any of the forty competing departments of the twenty or thirty competing universities whose overlapping spheres of influence cover our land from Maine to California. The list of his college mates, students, correspondents and intimate friends fairly staggers the imagination. It includes Arthur Hugh Clough, Matthew Arnold, Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, Ruskin, Walter Pater, Sir Henry Taylor, F. T. Palgrave, John Addington Symonds, Andrew Lang, Ernest Myers, W. H. Mallock, Mark Pattison, Professor Sellar, Sir Alexander Grant, Macaulay, Gladstone, Baron Bunsen, Sir Robert Lowe, Sir George Trevelyan, G. N. Curzon, Arnold Toynbee, Lecky, Archbishop Tait, Dean Stanley, Archdeacon Palmer, and noble lords, reverend bishops and *grandes dames* by the score not to speak of mere scholars and professors.

Among the guests to be met at his little dinners at the Lodge were also Turgeneff, George Eliot, Lewes, and Professor Tyndall. Because of the somewhat mixed character of the company at these dinners, the profane called them "Jowett's Jumbles." The Balliol dinner given at the opening of the new hall in 1877 was in the eminence of the

speakers and the guests, all Balliol men, a striking revelation of the unique position of the college. And when the end came sixteen years later, the little college chapel was filled to overflowing by the most distinguished gathering ever seen at Oxford.

Despite his genius for friendship and the wide range of his personal influence, Jowett was not by temperament or habit what we should call a sociable man or a "good mixer." He constantly reproaches himself in his journals for lack of geniality and inability to get near to men. And in his old age he complained that he had lost a third of his life by shyness. He took little part in general conversation, and in a party of three the two others generally conversed across him. He had little small talk and though he studied the art of conversation in his note books, two of his maxims are fatal to it. The one borrowed from his favorite Dr. Johnson, was: "Always say everything as well as you can." The other was, "Never speak unless you have something to say." Swinburne writes enthusiastically of long rambles and talks with the master about Shakespeare and Johnson and all things knowable and unknowable. But another pupil suspects that Swinburne was himself such a gushing fountain of speech that all he required was a good listener and intelligent critic.

The Jowett legend lived mainly in the oral traditions of Oxford, though portions of it got into print in the chapters of reminiscences published by the magazines after his death. Much of it is pure mythology. The master himself, when challenged, declared that there was not a word of truth in the current story of how he suppressed the strike of the ladies who did the laundry work of the college. Such legends would inevitably attach themselves to an eminent teacher living for fifty years unmarried in college chambers, and the intimate life of the Oxford quadrangles gives them a peculiar racy flavor of the soil.

Real intimacy between pupil and teacher prospers best while the latter is still young. Social intercourse is apt to

grow a little stiff and self-conscious as the gap of years widens. There were tales of long silent walks in which the student's desperate efforts to make conversation were finally rewarded with "I don't think much of that last observation of yours." There were stories of awful breakfasts at which the undergraduates nervously chattered while the host sat dumb, finally dismissing them with "Good morning, gentlemen, I think you must cultivate your powers of conversation."

More or less apocryphal caustic comments in students' compositions are a large part of every such professorial legend. To the student who began a flowery essay: "'Know thyself,' was the immortal inscription carved on Delphi's golden gates," he murmured, in a pained tone: "Oh don't!—next essay, please." To one who sent in an ambitious English poem he observed: "It doesn't matter how much poetry you write—if you burn it all." After reading a copy of Greek iambics submitted by a prize boy from another college he asked with a far away look: "Have you any taste for mathematics, Mr. ———?" A somewhat airy metaphysical essay was met with the criticism: "You can turn a sentence neatly, that is all there is in that." An exhaustive study of the Greek state was dismissed with the comment: "You have omitted to mention the two chief things, that the Greeks lived a long time ago and their states were very small." Last come the repartees and anecdotes associated with occasions of college discipline, examinations and official consultations. To a youth who, in an examination in natural theology answered that he could find no evidence of a God anywhere, he replied: "You must find it before midnight or you will go down tomorrow." A bright lad who was supposed to be well aware of his own merits was greeted when he came to make his term report as follows: "The college, Mr. X., thinks highly of you; perhaps too highly; but not half so highly, I am sure, as you think of yourself."

Such stories, with all due allowance for exag-

geration, and the fact that a college is not a drawing-room, puzzle us. Do English teachers take this tone with their students, and do the students like and tolerate it? There is some evidence that they did not all like it. Jowett's reputation as the "great Balliol tutor" was built up in his younger years. After he became master, the average undergraduate, while admiring him from afar, greatly impressed by his occasional sermons, and awestruck by his reputation and the distinguished guests who visited the Lodge, got little from him personally. He worked chiefly with small groups of favored students, chosen it was sometimes thought for capricious reasons undiscoverable by the college at large. The dissentients even went so far as to argue that the successes of Balliol men both in university competitions and in after life were due, not to the quality of Jowett's teaching, but to the fact that his reputation drew to the college the picked men of the university. But after all deductions the fact of an unexampled personal influence remains. And the explanation, given the character and the fine intelligence of the man, is not far to seek. He worked with and for his students. Of what avail are the most scrupulous politeness and justice if the man withholds himself? And what matter a few oddities, mannerisms and human partialities if the man gives himself? The real source of Jowett's power was the stream of young men bearing essays, versions, exercises in prose and verse composition that entered his chambers every night from eight till twelve, when other teachers are busy with their families, their career, their pleasures. Here was a genuine and fruitful commerce of mind with mind in which all the self-consciousness of what is mis-called social intercourse disappeared, and the difference of age and position ceased to be a barrier between the older and younger man when each could say:

"But he was rich where I was poor,
And he supplied my want the more
As his unlikeness fitted mine."

The stories of the stiff breakfasts and the silent walks

make better anecdote. But it was in these long hours of personal, individual teaching that Jowett's true life lay and his best work was done. Such teaching is the realization of the Platonic ideal when a "man finding a congenial soul with the help of true knowledge sows and plants therein thoughts which have the power to defend themselves and their author, not fruitless but bearing a seed from which growing again to a new and different life in other souls they preserve this power undying." Such teaching is impossible in the overgrown classes of the modern college. But it is by such teaching freely offered to those who can receive it rather than by forcing an artificial social relation, that the wise teacher will endeavor to bridge the gulf which the years are ever widening between him and his pupils.

Jowett's first important publication was his edition (in 1855) of "The Epistles of St. Paul to the Thessalonians, Galatians, Romans, with critical notes and dissertations." Though now little read, the work, as often happens with a scholar's first book, contains some of his best writing, notably the essay on "Natural Religion," and the fragment on the "Character of St. Paul." The accusation which the book brought upon him in old fashioned circles, of latitudinarianism (a long word to fling at a fellow as he wrote to a lady friend) was confirmed by the essay on "The Interpretation of Scripture" which he contributed to the famous collection known as "Essays and Reviews" published in 1860 within a few months of the publication of Darwin's "Descent of Man." We can hardly realize today the tempest in a tea-pot produced by these innocent and now forgotten essays. Writing of Darwin's book in 1861 Dr. Asa Gray says: "The book I have no doubt would be the subject still of a great row, if there were not a much greater row going on about 'Essays and Reviews.'" Jowett at once became a dangerous heretic by his affirmation of the elementary principle that the Bible must be studied and interpreted by scholars and critics like any other book—a proposition which would excite nobody today except a yellow editor trying to make

trouble for a professor in a denominational college. "He reads Plato on Sunday," it was whispered about. He was for some years rarely invited to preach except at Westminster where his old friend, Dean Stanley, always welcomed him. And the heresy hunters magnanimously contrived to delay the endowment of his Regius Professorship of Greek until the year 1865.

The translation of Plato proved to be Jowett's chief work. He did not so intend, for he thought ten years of life all that a man ought to give to any one task, and as is the way with scholars, he overestimated his own strength and could not realize the shortness of our working hours. He was in the habit of drawing up lists of *agenda*, courses of reading, books to be written, educational reforms to be achieved. These lists grow pathetically longer as the end approaches. On his seventieth birthday he prepares the following scheme for eight years of work:

- One year: Politics, Republic, Dialogues of Plato.
- Two years: Moral Philosophy.
- Two years: Life of Christ.
- One year: Sermons.
- Two years: Greek Philosophy, Thales to Socrates.

THE END.

Of this program nothing was accomplished except the translation of the "Politics" and the revision of the Plato for the third edition. We need not greatly regret this. All the general ideas which Jowett could have put into these books will be found in the introductions to the dialogues of Plato. He did not possess the learning, the patience, or the critical method that would have enabled him to produce masterpieces of systematic scholarship. Instinct is often a better guide than ambition. And the thing a man actually does, rather than the thing he wishes to do, is what he is best fitted for. Jowett was eminently fitted for the work of translation and discursive commentary. It exercised and displayed his fluency and felicity of expression, his sanity of judgment, his genial suggestiveness. It did not demand the simultaneous grasp of huge masses of detail, the

fierce concentration of all the power, the inexhaustible patience, the stiffer-clayed brain of the great constructive scholar. It was a task that interruption did not set back, but that could be taken up and dropped as occasion permitted. Once begun it was inevitable that it should fill all the interstices of academic and administrative routine and social dispersion, and so postpone indefinitely more systematic and strenuous labors.

While still a tutor in 1847, Jowett had added to the traditional study of Aristotle's "Ethics" a course of lectures on Plato's "Republic," an innovation, the consequences of which are still felt in English and American University education. Aristotle is an excellent drill master. But when studied alone, his definitions are apt to be committed to memory as formulas of ultimate truth, and the result is scholasticism—an unhistoric, unesthetic, unphilosophic temper. Plato taken alone may be even more harmful to sentimental or unsystematic minds, but Platonism does not easily degenerate into formula and dogma. Plato shows us all ideas including those of Aristotle in the making. He awakens the historic sense, kindles the imagination, stirs the feelings. The addition of Plato to Aristotle in England, the substitution of Plato for Aristotle in America, is, then, a very significant fact in the history of education.

In connection with his lectures, Jowett completed in 1855 the first draft of a commentary on the "Republic" which after many revisions was published thirty-nine years later by Professor Campbell as the Jowett and Campbell edition. The translations grew out of the analyses now prefixed to them. Jowett's first aim was to do what Grote did later in a very different style and what many Germans are attempting still—to resume in abbreviated analysis all the essential thoughts of the dialogues omitting no significant ideas. But while engaged in revising the "Republic" with a reading party of his students in the vacation of 1864, he became convinced that there is nothing in Plato which may be safely omitted as superfluous and that the "Republic"

at least must be translated entire. From this, he was naturally led on to the translation of the whole. The first edition in four octavo volumes appeared in 1871, and was instantly recognized as an English classic. The habit of this kind of work once established, he went on to translate Thucydides and Aristotle's "Politics" and this, with the preparation of the second edition of the Plato which appeared in 1875, employed all his leisure. The second edition, though still revealing many errors to the critical eye, was a great improvement on the first. The prefatory essays were also enriched by the criticism of Utilitarianism in the introduction to the "Philebus," the account of Hegel in that to the "Sophist," the discussion of psychology in connection with the "Theætetus" and many other valuable additions.

These essays, apart from their exquisite style, appeal to us by a wealth of suggestiveness due to their gradual enrichment by the deposits of a lifetime of reading, reflection and teaching. Everything that Jowett studied at any period of his life was, in his mind, related to Plato, and his matured opinions find their final utterance here. His old students recognized many a felicitous expression or neat epigram that had been circulating in Oxford notebooks for a generation. Mr. Bright thought that these essays together with the translations were evidences of a greater mind than that of the original author of the dialogues—whom he did not estimate very highly. It is not necessary to go to the other extreme in order to indicate some reserves. Charming as the essays are they will never quite satisfy logical or systematic minds. They touch delightfully but somewhat evasively on all subjects. They completely elucidate none. Jowett's critics said that he never went to the bottom of anything. His admirers retorted that he was the only scholar who ever came up from the bottom. In truth, his weakness was closely allied to that which constituted his strength—his cult of exquisite diction the ruling passion of his life and teaching. We cannot repeat of him what he said of Carlyle "that his power of expression quite outran his real intelligence." For

Jowett was extremely intelligent. But it quite outran his scholarship and sometimes his patience in the quest for truth. As happens to all men of this type, a well turned sentence to him almost proved itself. "Could I write as well as Renan?" he somewhere asks. In his teaching, we are told, he was satisfied with no interpretation that could not be expressed in perfect English. This would be an admirable counsel of perfection for our slovenly American class-rooms. But the scholar who adopts it will be under constant temptation to ignore niceities of thought that do not easily fit the traditional forms of classic and idiomatic English. And he will be reluctant to sacrifice in the interests of truth and precision any happy phrase that has once occurred to him. This quality of Jowett's mind, even more than the limitations of his scholarship, makes it not quite safe to use his admirable translations even in the definitive third edition for any argumentative or critical purpose. And it is to this that is due the inconclusiveness as well as the charm of many of the essays.

Jowett, in short, was not in the technical sense of the words a great scholar. His early proficiency won him prizes and a fellowship. His Latin prose was much admired in the years of his tutorship, and he read the Greek classics freely all his life. But he never made or desired to make any original contributions to human knowledge. He was not only distrustful of conjectural text emendation, but he took no interest in the main task which philological science has set itself, the filling up by patient induction and combinatory reasoning of the gaps in our imperfect tradition of classical antiquity. To a student who quoted a German dissertation and spoke of the present state of the question he replied impatiently, "There is no present state of the question—the question is where it was twenty years ago." Of a man deeply versed in the commentators on Aristotle, he said: "That sort of learning is a great power if a man can only keep his mind above it." Bentley, he thought, had injured English scholarship. For he kept bad com-

pany and knew the scholiasts and secondary writers better than he did the supreme classics. In fine Jowett viewed the classics solely from the standpoint of "culture"—the limited culture and discipline of undergraduates and the general reader. "The time for minute criticism on the classics or on most of them has passed," he wrote to a friend. "I want to get them turned into English classics and sent far and wide through the world." That is as if one should say: "The time for minute investigations in science is past. I want to get good popular handbooks written that will diffuse our present knowledge far and wide through the world." A man may and must limit his own life-work,—he cannot set bounds to the high curiosities of the human spirit. For the American (undergraduate) college, Jowett's ideal of culture should be dominant, and it is a gospel which needs to be preached in correction of the excesses of the German invasion, and the premature obtrusion of university methods on unprepared minds. But we need not, for this reason, ally ourselves to the sentimentalists who declaim against that indispensable instrument of higher philosophical training, the doctoral dissertation, and would limit the function of the university professor to imparting "inspiration" and teaching the "spirit" of literature by brilliant essays and eloquent outpourings of soul. There is a time for all things—a time to gush, a time to construe, and a time and place for minute scholarly research.



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REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What counties of the Severn basin lie close to the Welsh border? 2. What rivers of this region form tributaries to the Usk? 3. What is the situation of Shrewsbury? 4. What noted personages are associated with it? 5. What remains of the old city of Uriconium? 6. How are we reminded at Wroxeter of the Roman occupation, 7. What victory is commemorated by Battlefield Church? 8. What traditions of the Mortimers belong to Ludlow Castle? 9. What young princes spent their childhood here? 10. What famous woman is buried in the church of St. Lawrence? 11. What two works of literature have added to the fame of Ludlow Castle? 12. What family once ruled at Wigmore Castle? 13. What is the story of Brampton-Bryan Castle? 14. What traces of Anglo-Saxon days are to be found in this region? 15. What virtues are attributed to the "Man of Ross?" 16. Who was Geoffrey of Monmouth? 17. What is the history of Tintern Abbey? 18. With what famous name is Chepstow associated? 19. What is the character of West Monmouth? 20. What famous poem belongs to the Malvern Hills? 21. Describe the view from these hills. 22. What ruined abbeys here are a reminder of the Middle Ages? 23. What claims to distinction had Layamon? 24. What historic associations has Worcester? 25. What tragic interest has Tewkesbury Abbey? 26. What modern author had added fame to the town? 27. What are the chief attractions of Gloucester?



SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. Who was Thomas Fuller? 2. For what is Jeremy Taylor remembered? 3. With what period of English Literature is Shennstone associated? 4. Who was Richard Baxter? 5. What was Domesday Book? 6. Who was Caractacus? 7. What English play and poems commemorate the British Queen Boadicea? 8. Who was Sir Scudamour?

End of May Required Reading, pages 145-216.

Child Labor Legislation in England*

By Owen R. Lovejoy

Assistant Secretary of the National Child Labor Committee.

"The untimely labour of the night, and the protracted labour of the day, with respect to children, not only tends to diminish future expectations as to the general sum of life and industry, by impairing the strength and destroying the vital stamina of the rising generation, but it too often gives encouragement to idleness, extravagance and profligacy in the parents, who, contrary to the law of nature, subsist by the oppression of their offspring."

Thus wrote Dr. Percival in a series of resolutions he laid before the newly formed Manchester Board of Health one hundred and eleven years ago. The resolutions were written for the purpose of urging governmental regulation of the cotton mills, those great industrial institutions destined to make Manchester famous the world over. The resolutions also expressed the belief that "we shall have the support of the liberal proprietors of these factories in proposing an application for parliamentary aid . . . to establish a general system of laws for the wise, humane and equal government of all such works."

These resolutions may fittingly stand as the prophecy of better things which England, through a full century, and by halting and feeble steps, has been attempting to fulfil.

Factory employment was then a new phase, a form of commercial activity destined to drive the so-called "home industries" ever farther from their dormant position until they should finally degenerate (at least in large cities) into the tenement sweatshops so familiar today. It must not be supposed, however, that even then home industries were uniformly well conducted or that children were free from

*This is the fifth in a series of special articles upon English social topics of current interest. Articles which have already appeared are: "The Ancoats Brotherhood," of Manchester, by Katharine Coman (December); "The Unemployed Camp at Levenshulme, Manchester," by Katharine Coman (January); "The London County Council," by Milo R. Maltbie (February); "The Garden City Movement," by John H. Whitehouse (March).

abuse. In his "Notes of a Tour in the Manufacturing Districts" the elder Cooke Taylor relates conversations with many old weavers who described the system of home industry as worse than conditions created by the introduction of machinery. "The creatures were set to work as soon as they could crawl, and their parents were the hardest of task-masters." So prevalent was the idea that the child should be set to some useful task at the earliest possible moment, that there was scarcely a protest though large numbers of children were employed in homes in the framework knitting trade from five or six o'clock in the morning until ten o'clock at night.

The workhouse was the "conventionalized" home factory of the period, and the parishes did a flourishing business in ridding themselves of their little paupers by placing them at hard labor. Many a devout churchman shared the belief of the author of an "Essay on Trade" who, in 1770, advocated that all children of four years who must be brought up at public expense, be sent to the public workhouse. "Being constantly employed at least twelve hours in a day . . . we hope the rising generation will be so habituated to constant employment that it would at length prove agreeable and entertaining to them." The next sentence is refreshing in its sincerity and helps to explain the cruelties of the old home industries, the curse of child slavery in the parish workhouse, the excessive hours and crowded, unsanitary conditions in the early factories, and the dreary and devious way through which labor legislation in other countries as well as in England has passed. "From children thus trained up to constant labor we may venture to hope the lowering of its price."

The first steps in government regulation were taken because of the evident social menace in a system which encouraged overcrowding, malignant disease, permanent ignorance and excessive hours of labor. Dr. Ferrier, an associate of Dr. Percival, discussing the prevalence and virulence of fevers among the factory population—due to the dirt and

misery in which they lived—suggested that “the safety of the rich is intimately connected with the welfare of the poor.”

Even had there been general agreement as to the need of factory regulation, no other form of social legislation was so difficult to render justly effective. A century passed between the enactment of the “Regulation of the Health and Morals of Apprentices Act” in 1802 and the “Factory and Workshop Consolidation Act” of 1901. During this period forty-one important factory laws were enacted by Parliament.

The form of the evil which naturally appealed most strongly to popular sympathy was the employment of very young children through excessive workdays—or nights. Accordingly the first legislative efforts looked to the restriction of hours and the establishment of a minimum age for employment. But laws fixing hours and age limits had little effect, beyond that of recording a new standard of popular conviction, for it required the first quarter of the nineteenth century, as Walpole observes in his *History of England*, to restrict a child of nine to a sixty-nine hours week, and that only in the cotton mills.

It was not enough to enact that children below a given age should not be employed, or that hours of labor be limited. Such laws require methods and machinery for enforcement. The Act of 1833 is therefore rightly regarded the most important early step in factory legislation, as by this act factory inspectors were appointed with power to enforce the law.

The principle of factory inspection is opposed in America today on the theory that it infringes upon free labor. Age limits and regulation of hours are opposed on the ground that they will ruin industry or will promote poverty. A century ago the poet Coleridge wrote a friend to learn if Parliament had not passed some law to restrict “what is ironically called ‘Free labor’ (i. e., soul murder and infanticide on the part of the rich, and self-slaughter on that

of the poor!)" Practically every position then held in England against public regulation of "private enterprise" is now occupied in many American commonwealths by employers and their political retainers, who are apparently ignorant that their arguments long since passed into senility.

But the public-spirited manufacturer will be interested to know that the most important features of the English factory laws were enacted either upon the suggestion, or with the direct aid, of manufacturers. The Commission appointed to review the need for legislation in 1833 noted this fact, and remarked that the demand for factory inspectors came chiefly from "those manufacturers who desired to see the hours in other factories restricted to the level of their own." This observation upon enlightened self-interest was probably just, for the most progressive employers of labor in England, as also in other countries, have consistently followed the policy of Sir Robert Peel who proposed the Act of 1802 for the purpose of correcting certain abuses in his own factories, and of Robert Owen who, having established many radical reforms in his extensive manufactories, urged Parliamentary action to enforce the same conditions in other mills.

The opposition to government inspectors, presented by factory operatives in 1833 was probably due not so much to an unwillingness to have their work places inspected, as to the feeling that the inspectors likely to be appointed would be but the paid representatives of the employing class. The *Leeds Intelligencer*, representing the sentiments of the operatives, said: "The inspectorships are a lumbering affair and will turn out, in practice, we suspect, a nullity; their chief recommendation with their projectors is probably the patronage they afford."

It is impossible within the limits of this paper to even sketch the various changes that have been wrought during the century of legislation in England. The chief advances have been a higher age limit for employment, a decrease in the length of the working day, requirements of educa-

tional and physical fitness for labor, a constant widening of the field of legislative regulation through the inclusion of an increasing number of industries, and a steady improvement in the power and methods of factory inspection.

The labor of children in factories and workshops is now regulated by two acts: (1) The Factory and Workshop Consolidation Act, 1901, and (2) The Employment of Children Act, 1903. The first law is practically a codification of existing laws relating to workshops and factories, while the second law confers upon local governments the power of making regulations supplementary to the specifications of the first named law. These local regulations must be confirmed by the secretary of state who may receive objections to the proposed regulation and may investigate local conditions.

The details of these laws, referring to meal-times, holidays, special industries, exemptions, etc., it would be impossible to include in this paragraph, but the main features may be noted. (Summarized from Bulletin 59, Bureau of Labor, Washington, 1905.) It is forbidden to employ children under twelve years of age in factories and workshops, or children under eleven in street trades. Local authorities have power to make regulations concerning street trading for persons under sixteen years of age, and in making such rules "shall have special regard to the desirability of preventing the employment of girls under sixteen in streets or public places." The mining laws prohibit the employment underground of boys under thirteen and of females of any age. As to hours of labor children twelve to fourteen years of age may be employed in factories and workshops only half time, *i. e.*, either in the morning or afternoon, or on alternate days. Night work for children and young persons is prevented through the limit placed on the time during which most of these establishments may be operated—not earlier than 6 a. m., nor later than 8 p. m. There are, however, special exceptions in certain industries.

The present law lays great emphasis on proof of the

Child Labor Legislation

age of a child or young person seeking employment—failure to require which has proved to be the ruin of so many child labor laws in the United States.

The following statistics from the 1902 report of the Chief Inspector of Factories show the extent of child labor in the textile mills:

	Boys.	Girls.	Total.
Half-timers (ages 12 and 13).....	16,898	19,613	36,511
Full-timers (under 18).....	71,707	148,888	220,595

This is a total of 257,106 children and young persons under eighteen years of age, of whom 88,605 are boys and 168,501 are girls. These tables do not give the number under sixteen years.

The report for 1904 gives the following statistics for non-textile factories (1901):

	Boys.	Girls.	Total.
Half-timers (ages 12-13).....	3,681	1,352	5,033
Full-timers (under 18).....	327,142	175,014	502,156

This report also shows a steady decrease in the number of half-timers employed in both textile and non-textile factories, the total number in 1889-90 being 98,888 as against 41,544 in 1901.

The development of factory inspection marks the most important feature of factory legislation. The value of the public service rendered by these officials in England is so highly regarded that those who aspire to this work are encouraged to prepare, by special university and technical training, for their difficult and delicate task. The creditable work performed by many factory inspectors in America is in the absence of adequate public support. The niggardly appropriations provided for the departments in some states and domination of corrupt political influence in others, are elements that naturally tend to deter able men and women from entering this highly honorable calling.

Yet it is disappointing, after reviewing the legislation of a century to record that the principle of factory regulation, especially the restriction of child labor, has not yet been consciously accepted even in England. Every advance in legislation is fought, as in this country, by arguments so specious that only greed or ignorance could advance them. Large groups of industries are still practically without government regulation, and thousands of little children are "free"

to be employed through long days or nights, at wages which fasten the millstone of permanent poverty upon them, and under conditions that offer the maximum menace to health and morals.

The half-time system, so popular a few years ago, has been condemned alike by manufacturers, educators and parents. It has been wholly barren of educational value—the only claim it has to social favor—experience having proved that it is impossible to successfully operate a system which seeks to teach the child during one half the day and to exploit him during the other half.

But though it is gratifying to know that this system is being abandoned, the factory acts, which have dealt only with children working in places subject to legal inspection, have had the effect of driving an increasing number of children to work out of school hours "in the streets, in the fields, in shops, or at home, for the longest possible hours and in the hardest and most irksome work without any limit or regulation." In 1901 a Commission was appointed, representing the Home Office, the Board of Education and the Board of Trade. Extensive investigations were made and a large number of witnesses examined. The inquiry demonstrated that not less than 200,000 juvenile workers were employed in industries wholly outside the scope of factory inspection or regulation. Miss Nettie Adler, Secretary of the Committee on Wage Earning Children (which presented 7,000 cases to the Commissioners), reports the following facts in "Juvenile Wage-Earners and their Work" (July, 1906): The occupations carried on by the children were roughly divided under the following heads—shops, street trading, domestic work and home industries, and agriculture. More than 76,000 were found to be working in shops under conditions that produced fatigue, anaemia, deformities, nerve and heart signs of serious character. About 17,000 children were described as engaged in street trades carried on, in the words of the report, "by a worse class of children and under worse moral influences than any other."

Child Labor Legislation

It was reported that many children slept out at night, afraid to go home on account of the small amount they had earned; that they stole, gambled, "and that the girls had sunk yet lower in order to raise sufficient money to bring home." A discussion of the sweated industries is unnecessary, as the abuses of child labor in our own cities have made the American reader familiar with the shocking conditions reported to the English Commission. But it may be instructive to those who have believed that agricultural employment is free from objection, that the Commission found children in the fruit and vegetable gardens and hop fields, working under conditions that were a menace to health and an effectual bar to education.

Recent attacks made upon the work of the National Child Labor Committee in America, on the ground that more than a million of the 1,750,000 children reported as wage-earners are in agriculture and therefore in no need of social protection, will doubtless have the effect of inviting special attention to a form of industry which, while less disastrous in its effects upon the average worker, still offers so many dangers to juvenile health, virtue, and education as to demand an exhaustive investigation.

Since the report of the English Commission in 1901, which led to the enactment of the law of 1903, a large number of municipalities have passed local ordinances that have greatly reduced child labor, especially in street trades. The Home Office has been somewhat conservative in approving these local ordinances—having declined to accept the very advanced by-laws passed by the London County Council, although the evidence seemed entirely to justify those enactments. Still the regulation of street trading through the use of permits, badges, and educational restrictions, is so far in advance of anything we have developed in America as to put our best achievements to shame.

A glance at English factory history, viewing the successive steps in legislation as well as the wide field of industrial activity still entirely unrestricted, presents a con-

vincing argument for the collective control in every country of all occupations in which young children are employed. But a ready acquiescence in such control can be expected only as a result of accurate knowledge of existing conditions. Even in Massachusetts, where the protection of the American child has gone farthest, one will observe a note of anxiety among the friends of child labor reform, lest the virtue of that state should militate against her industrial interests—it still being the popular view that child employment is profitable and its restriction an altruistic virtue.

That government regulation is not a deterrent in industry is amply shown in England and should put an end to the ancient cry that regulation ruins trade. The factories—particularly the cotton factories, which have been the special object of “parliamentary attack” have gone steadily forward improving their machinery, methods and equipment, as well as the conditions under which employes labor,—while the unregulated industries have either not advanced, or have positively fallen, until today, in London, Paris, New York, Pittsburg and Chicago, alike, these crowded tenement workshops house ignorance, poverty, vice and fever. Every great industrial country can demonstrate the truth of the statement made by the Committee of the House of Lords in 1889—that the worst conditions, the longest hours, and the lowest wages exist in the domestic workshops, which we in America as well as they in England have been so concerned to leave free from any government regulation.*

*The author desires to acknowledge his indebtedness to “A History of Factory Legislation” (Hutchins & Harrison, London, 1903), from which facts not otherwise credited have been gleaned.

Representative English Paintings

"The Huguenot"

By W. Bertrand Stevens

[John Everett Millais was born on June 8, 1829, in Portland Place, Southampton. At the age of eleven he was admitted as a student at the Royal Academy where he remained for six years, winning every prize for which he competed. He became an Associate of the Academy in 1853, a full Academician in 1863, and President in 1896. He was created a Baronet in 1885. On August 19, 1896, he died and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, London.]

At the time Rossetti was exhibiting the "Ecce Ancilla Domini" Sir John Millais had entered at the Royal Academy his "Christ in the Home of His Parents." Concerning this picture Charles Dickens wrote in *Household Words*:

"You come . . . to the contemplation of a Holy Family. You will have the goodness to discharge from your minds all post-Raphael ideas, all religious aspirations, all elevating thoughts; all tender, awful, sorrowful, ennobling, sacred, graceful, or beautiful associations, and to prepare yourselves as befits such a subject—pre-Raphaelly considered—for the lowest depths of what is mean, odious, repulsive, and repelling."

This was but one of the vehement attacks made upon the Brotherhood as soon as their revolutionary aims became known. The "Christ in the House of His Parents" was sold, but to a dealer on whose hands it remained for a long period. The next year Rossetti did not exhibit, Holman Hunt tried with one picture and Millais with three. The storm of abuse raged more furiously than ever until the defensive letters signed "The Author of Modern Painters" first appeared in the *Times*. Then it was that the forces of the enemy began to waver.

Millais' early pictures in which he followed the Pre-Raphaelite principles were, perhaps, the least successful of any of his works. Within a comparatively short time after the formation of the Brotherhood he began to realize that it was not in the application of those principles that his power lay. But it was not until "The Vale of Rest" appeared in 1859 that he completely forswore the creed of the Pre-Raphaelites, or as he expressed it "emerged from his



"The Huguenot," Painting by John Everett Millais.

Artistic puberty." For him the "minute rendering of natural objects" had served its purpose. It shows itself, however, in the treatment of "The Huguenot" first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1852. The background and the foliage, although painted with great breadth, are rendered with an amazing amount of detail which, however, does not, in the least detract from the picture as a whole.

The explanation of the picture as it appeared in the catalogue is as follows:

"A Huguenot, on St. Bartholomew's Day, refusing to shield himself by wearing the Roman Catholic badge." It had been ordered that "when the clock of the Palais de Justice shall sound upon the great bell at daybreak, then each good Catholic must bind a strip of white linen around his arm and place a fair white cross in his cap." The tender solicitude on the face of the girl and the calm reassuring strength and confidence of the man have made the picture deservedly popular for many years. At first, however, the picture was scorned on all sides. Millais, himself said, "It was received with condemnation. Tom Taylor was an exception—he gave me a splendid notice in *Punch*."

The Millais family had always been intimate with the Lemprières of Roselle in Jersey and it was General Lemprière who sat for the lover. A professional model was employed for the girl, a Miss Ryan, who had previously sat for "Proscribed Royalist." "The Huguenot" was painted for D. L. White, a dealer who agreed to pay for it £150 in instalments. But the engraving of the picture proved so successful that he added £50 to the original price. According to Mr. Holman Hunt, it was Millais' first intention to make the two lovers represent the "War of the Roses" having one with a white rose, the other with a red; but after hearing "The Huguenots" at the opera he changed his plans. Sir John Millais was a painter for the people. Although he had neither the majesty of a Michelangelo nor the charm of a Raphael, he did possess a wonderful power of story-telling and the ability to interest mankind.

The Vesper Hour*

By Chancellor John H. Vincent

NOW let me return to the question: How begin to be good? Not by being baptised, although when you make public profession the badge is baptism—pure water—symbol of gospel grace—baptism accepted as a present act or acknowledged as an act of parental love for you in your infancy. Baptism is the flag of our faith. You cannot say too much in favor of the national flag. It signifies a nation's power, it reflects a nation's glory, it suggests a nation's record, it predicts a nation's future. Don't go into battle without the flag—*But* in battle you need more than a flag. Baptism is not the all and in all of religious life.

How begin to be good? Not by belonging to the church although loyalty to the church as an agency of good in the world cannot be overstated. The law of combination and coöperation holds in the spiritual world. "Where two or three are met together there am I"—said Christ. The soul of man demands society. Society requires association with a common understanding and under laws of life. The church is a symbol of God's Kingdom on Earth. The church is the representation in visible form of human faith in God, of human allegiance to God. It is another form of the flag—a symbol of union—a profession. The church is an agency for teaching and for doing good—a "Society," a "School," a "Brotherhood," an "Army"—a beginning of the universal "Kingdom" of God in the universe—a Kingdom of individuals who acknowledge the King and who call Him Father! You join the church to help on the Kingdom. You join the church of believers to help the believers. You join the church to combine in a great race movement in favor of the righteousness Christ brought into the world and for which the Church stands.

*The Vesper Hour, contributed to THE CHAUTAUQUAN each month by Chancellor Vincent, continues the ministries of Chautauqua's Vesper service throughout the year. The paper of this month is a continuation of that printed in the March CHAUTAUQUAN.

The Vesper Hour

There are many families in the Church of Christ,—the Baptist family, the Congregational family, the Disciples family, the Episcopal family, the Greek family, the Presbyterian family, the Methodist family, the Roman family. The more families the larger and the stronger the town they constitute and support. Differences are good. Uniformity may be as bad as diversity. Varied unity—this is the mode of power. Better 500 separate houses than only one house, one hotel in a town—capacious enough to entertain everybody.

How begin to be good? In any way that satisfies your conscience and fosters good will among thinking and reasonable people. The color of costume, the style of hat,—these are small matters, if the head be true and the heart earnest and sound and the modes you adopt, the terms you employ, the ceremonies you observe, the badge you wear, the ecclesiastical government you approve, these are small matters; not to be despised but to be selected and respected. The principal thing is to *be good* that you may *do good*.

The marriage ceremony is very beautiful. A manly and virtuous man reaches out his hand to a fair and modest woman. She looks into his face, smiles assent and places her true hand in his. A vow is made, a benediction pronounced and the two are one. In a true marriage love grows stronger as years go by. Who cares when and how and by what ceremony these two souls become one.

One begins to be good in God's way by the acceptance of Christ. That is why ours is a Christian religion. I say to you "Be good." You say "I cannot." I reply "You can." I say to you "Go to Europe." You say "I cannot for the ocean rolls between this land and Europe and I cannot swim and I cannot walk on water."

I say to you "Step aboard the great steamer and simply live there—and soon you will tread the soil of the Continent beyond." On board the ship you ask yourself one day of storm—"How strong am I—I a frail thing on

this vast sea?" And you answer, "I am as strong as the ship on which I rest." And this is a parable that explains how you may be good—you who are weak and wrong and fearful. Our strength is Christ. In Him we rest. His strength is ours. We begin to be good by accepting Christ. A babe's strength is in its mother's arms. In beginning to be good our emotional moods are of slightest importance. Love may show itself in smiles and tears. But love may show itself in the plainest domestic service. You may glorify God as your Saviour by noble anthems nobly rendered or by washing dishes, sweeping floors, mending torn trousers.

To *be*, to *love*, to *do*, to *rest* the soul in God, this is beginning to be good. Supernatural signs we do not need. Wise people do not at all care for them. They may, they would, if continued weaken faith, "Whom having not seen you love." Tears and agonies and raptures we do not want. They mean temperament, not character. Therefore if you would be good begin with a desire and a resolve and surrender. Begin where you now sit. Say "I will trust thee O God. I will rest in Thee." Thus you begin to pray. Confess your sins to God. If you have wronged a neighbor—at your first opportunity confess to him. Confession to the Church or to the minister, or to the priest may do more harm than good. Confess to God and to the person you have wronged. And having confessed—as far as possible *forget*. God forgets, so he says. Why should not you? Don't keep raking over the ashes of your past. "Forgetting the things that are behind" is the divine order. "Let the dead past bury its dead." Do you think I make it too easy? Did Jesus make it too easy for the leper who cried, "Lord if thou wilt thou canst make me clean?" Do you remember what Jesus said—and did? Did Jesus make it too easy for the prodigal son who fell into the open arms of his glad father?

Begin today a career of doing good. Begin by beginning to *be* good. As you commit your past and the things that have happened—to God, also commit your future and the

The Vesper Hour

things that may happen—to God. It may be a long journey before you. It is a long journey for it reaches out into Eternity. Start today. Start now! When you come to plains cross them; when you find tunnels go through them; when you reach mountains go over them.

Let this day mark a new epoch in your personal life; let it open to you a new career ennobled by confidence in the true science of religious faith; a new career of surrender to the true, the beautiful and the good as revealed in Jesus Christ; a new endeavor to do good by being good is God's way.

Never mind how many times you have begun and failed before. Begin again. One asked Christ "If my brother sin against me seven times shall I forgive him?" Jesus smiled and answered (I know he must have smiled when he said it) "I say not unto thee until seven times but until seventy times seven!"

It is a beautiful record in the life of Charles Kingsley. He wrote in his journal, "Tonight I have been walking by the sea and looking out on the vast expanse of waters beyond me and looking up at the stars in heaven overhead I made a solemn covenant with my God which by His grace shall never be broken for time nor for Eternity." And so today I ask you in silence, every one of you, to make a secret compact with God from this hour forward to give yourself up to Him. His plan, His love, His way of life and His service!



"Piers the Plowman"

Upon the Malvern Hills one May morning the author of "Piers the Plowman," "went to rest down by a broad bank beside a burn, and as [he] lay there leaning, and looked in the water it sounded so merrily that [he] fell into a slumber. Then [he] dreamed a marvelous dream."

The author of "Piers the Plowman"—if but one author there were—is commonly thought to have been William Langland, a clerk of some learning and an obscure officer of The Church. Little is known of his life save that he was a contemporary of Chaucer, born, possibly, in 1332, and dying about 1400. He wrote several poems of which "Piers the Plowman" is the best known. It is an allegory written in alliterative Middle English verse plentifully interlarded with Latin. In some respects it resembles "Pilgrim's Progress" written three centuries later. The great difference between the two, however, is that whereas "Piers the Plowman" pictures the evil state of contemporary society and seeks the remedy, "Pilgrim's Progress" pictures merely the trials of the soul in its efforts to attain personal salvation.

"Piers the Plowman" may, therefore, be classed with the Utopias such as the "Utopia" of Sir Thomas More, "Looking Backward" of Edward Bellamy and "News from Nowhere" of William Morris. It differs in one important respect from all other social romances, however, in that it does not outline a new and improved social system. The author has no radical theories of society. He has merely an almost morbid appreciation of the ills of his time, ills which he bitterly portrays. His remedy is an ethical one: The triumph of righteousness and truth over evil and self-seeking. He

does not find it necessary to remodel social institutions to establish his universal brotherhood; a moral awakening he thinks sufficient. The poem of "Piers the Plowman" is interesting, therefore, because of the light it throws upon the England of the fourteenth century and because of its moral earnestness and dignity. It is not significant in the history of constructive social thought.

The allegorical form of the poem and a certain lack of logical unity make it in part rather trying reading to the modern reader even in its modernized prose version, that of Kate M. Warren. Allegory at the best is not attractive to the modern taste and Langland's conceptions are not as a rule so human and striking as are those of the "Pilgrim's Progress" the one great allegory with which the average reader is acquainted. But if the reader persists, he will be rewarded by frequent passages of moral force and dignity, illuminating flashes which more than compensate for the intervening obscurities. The story of the allegory is briefly this:

The dreamer is accosted by a fair woman, Holy Church, who explains to him the meaning of a beautiful castle and a dismal dungeon which lie before him; the castle is that of Truth and the dungeon that of Care. Holy Church expounds the beauty of Truth and the uses of Conscience and Charity.

The dreamer asks further how he may know falsehood. Thereupon he is made aware of a woman beautifully dressed and adorned with jewels. She is Meed the Maid. "Meed" signifies in its broadest sense reward, but it is here used in the sense of reward gained by dishonor—bribery—or perhaps better our modern word "graft." Meed is to be married to Falsehood and the celebration is in progress when Theology objects that Meed (reward) should be married to Conscience not Falsehood. The wedding is halted and the dispute is taken before the King. Meed is fawned upon by all of the corrupt functionaries at the court, who are bought by her wealth, but Conscience will have none of her and explains her falsity to the King. Meed, he says, is not true reward but corruption and not to be allied to Conscience. Meed defends herself with sophistries and seems to have the better of the argument. The King urges the match, but Conscience refuses unless he shall be so counseled by Reason. Reason is sent for and condemns Meed although she is defended by Law and the minions thereof. Meed is

sent from court but is followed by some who favor her, a sizer, a summoner, and a sheriff's clerk, lower officers of the court.

The allegory turns next to a field preaching. Reason the Minister preaches and his arguments seconded by Repentance move the seven deadly sins to confession and the resolve to live better lives. Then the multitude, stirred by this sight, resolve to seek Truth. They ask a Palmer who has been to the Holy Land to show them the way, but he cannot. A plowman named Piers who has been taught the way by Conscience and Mother Wit offers to lead them. The journey is delayed for the plowman must first plough his land. He sets all the pilgrims to work, meanwhile, and to this they are spurred by Hunger. The lazy rebel but are beaten into submission by Hunger. Those unable to work are gladly fed by those who are strong and efficient.

Truth hearing the good works of the plowman and his followers sends Piers a bull of pardon for him and his heirs. The pardon bears but two lines: "And those who have done good shall go into life eternal and those who have done evil into everlasting fire." A priest disputes the efficacy of such a pardon, and in the midst of the debate the dreamer awakes to ponder his strange vision. He gives it as his opinion that though The Church may grant indulgences and pardons for sin yet a man were better off, if, at the Judgment, he have Do-well beside him to help him.

With this sensible conclusion the poem ends. Its allegory when briefly outlined is not uninteresting; but it is certainly far less interesting than the pictures of the times which are to be found throughout the narrative, pictures which make the twentieth century with all its social evils, seem an agreeable place by comparison with the fourteenth.

The King's English in England

The following extracts are taken from that very interesting study of English society, "England Without and Within," by Richard Grant White. Mr. White's entertaining account of English speech is perhaps not unduly flattering but is without prejudice as all who have read the entire work will admit. Mr. White was a sympathetic and scholarly observer, one who had unusual opportunities to know English life in all classes of society.

The first peculiarity that attracted my attention in the speech of Englishmen was a thick, throaty utterance. It was not new to me, but I was struck by its general diffusion. The attempt is somewhat as if the speaker were attempting to combine speech with the deglutition of mashed potato. This peculiar utterance, in which a guttural *aw* seems to prevail, is, however, far from being universal. It is not high-class speech. Yet it begins to manifest itself somewhat high in the social scale, being perceptible just below what may be called the Oxford and Cambridge level. Then it broadens down from precedent to subsequent, until, when it reaches the lowest level, it is broad enough and thick enough for the foundation of a very substantial theory of peculiarity in national speech. It manifests itself chiefly in the utterance of some of the sounds of *a*, *o*, and *u*, in combination with *l* and *r*; for example, in such words as *ale*, *pale*, *people*, and *royal*, which are spoken by Englishmen of the lower and lower-middle classes much as if they were written *ayull*, *payull*, *peopull*, and *ryull*, the *f*'s being gobbled low in the throat with a turkey-like gulp. The tendency to this mode of speech seemed to be strongest in those who were short-necked and corpulent. I remember one obese, red-faced shopman who gulped at "Royal Wilton" in such a strangling fashion that I should hardly have been surprised to see him fall down upon the spot in a fit of apoplexy. General negative assertions are unsafe; and I shall therefore not say that this gulp is never heard among educated English gentlemen and ladies; but I am sure that in such society I never heard it.

The ill treatment which the letter *h* receives from a very large proportion of the English people has long been known to the most superficial observers of their speech. It is the substance and the point of a joke which never loses its zest. Mr. Punch's artists, when hard put to it for the subject of a social sketch, can always fall back upon the misfortunes of the aspirate. *H* in speech is an unmistakable mark of class distinction in England, as every observant person soon discovers. I remarked upon this to an English gentleman, an officer, who replied, "It's the greatest blessing in the world; a sure protection against cads. You meet a fellow who is well dressed and behaves himself decently enough, and yet you don't exactly know what to make of him; but get him talking, and if he trips upon his *h*'s that settles the question. He's a chap you'd better be shy of." Another friend said to me of a London man of wealth, and of such influence that comes from wealth and good nature, "The governor has lots of sense, and is the best fellow in the world; but he hasn't an *h* to bless himself with." And there seems to be no help for the person who has once acquired

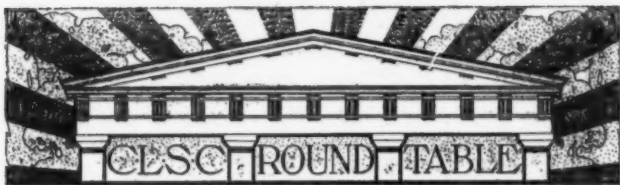
this mode of pronunciation. Habits of speech, when formed in early life, are the most ineradicable of all habits; and this one, I believe, is absolutely beyond the reach of any discipline, and even of prolonged association with good speakers. I have had opportunities of observing many English persons of both sexes who came to "America" in their early childhood, who were educated here, and who had attained mature years, and yet they could not utter the initial *h*, but for example, would say *ee* for *he*. If they did, by special effort, sound the *h*, it was with a harsh ejaculation, and not with that light touch which, although so distinctly perceptible, is but a delicate breathing, and which comes so unconsciously to good speakers in England, and to bad speakers as well as good—to all—in "America." In England I observed many people in a constant struggle with their *h*'s, overcoming and being overcome, and sometimes triumphing when victory was defeat.

The number of *h*'s that come to an untimely end in England daily is quite incalculable. Of the forty millions of people there cannot be more than two or three millions who are capable of a healthy, well breathed *h*. Think, then, of the numbers of this innocent letter that are sacrificed between sun and sun! If we could send them over a few million of *h*'s a week, they could supply almost as great a need as that which we supply by our corn and beef and cheese.

There is a gradation, too, in the misuse of this letter. It is silent when it should be heard; but it is also added, or rather prefixed, to words in which it has no place. Now the latter fault is the sign and token of a much lower condition in life than the former. The man who puts on a superfluous *h*, and says *harm* for *arm* and *hey*es for *eyes*, will surely drop the *h* from its rightful place, and say *ed* and *art* for *head* and *heart*; but the converse is far from being true. The superfluous *h* is a much graver solecism than the suppressed. It is barbarous. To hear it you must go very low in the social scale. But, on the other hand, the suppression of the *h* is a habit that creeps up towards the very highest ranks, diminishing in strength and extent as it rises, until it wholly disappears. For example, only Englishmen of the very uppermost class and finest breeding say *home* and *hotel*; all others, *'ome* and *'otel*. And the latter are unconscious of the slip, so sure that they do say *home* and *hotel*, that if they are charged with dropping the *h* they will deny it, and make desperate efforts to utter the sound, which result only in throwing a very great stress upon the *o*. These two words are the last and most delicate test of the *h* malady. Past that line English speech, when not impaired by individual incapacity or tainted by affectation, is perfect, "express and admirable."

* * * *

I was passing a hatter's shop, and seeing the shop-keeper himself, as I supposed, at the door, and thinking that he looked like the sort of man I should like to talk with, I stopped, and, entering, asked the price of a hat. "Seven and six, sir, that style. Them, nine shillin. But if you'd like to 'ave sumthink werry helegant, 'ere's our tiptop harticle at ten and six." I thought it right to tell him that I did not intend buying, but I was attracted by his hats, and wished to know the price. He was perfectly civil and good natured, as I always found London shopmen, whether I bought or not; nor did I ever encounter among them either servility or brow-beating. He answered, with a rueful little *h'm* and smile, "Hi thought so. Hi see your 'at was too new for you to want another. *Would* you be so good to let me look hat it, sir?" I doffed and handed it to him. "H'm! Lincoln and Bennett! Hi thought so. Hall you swell gents does to them, 'cos they've got a big name, an' so they gits big prices. But there's hother people knows 'ow to make a 'at as well as Lincoln and Bennett. Look 'at that 'un," handing me one of our tiptop harticles. Then, with a burst of enthusiasm, "*Would* you be so good as to put on that 'at, sir?" I complied. "There, Hi do think that sets you hoff, helegant. Hanythink nobbier Hi never see." As the hat was decidedly too small for me, to say nothing more, I did not agree with him, and set it down in silence. "That 'at, sir, 's a harticle Hi'm proud of, and I'll set it agen hanythink that hever come hout of Lincoln and Bennett's shop." "I beg pardon," I said, "but you call *at* an article; I thought it was a preposition." The temptation was irresistible; but I did not know what might come of my yielding to it, and I prepared for a quick retreat. But I was safe in the density of his mental faculties. "Proposition' sir?," said he, after a moment. "I 'aven't 'eared hany; but I shall be happy to 'ave one, though I couldn't put it hany lower to you than wot I 'ave." To tell the truth, I felt a little ashamed of myself. The man's ignorance was not his fault. Putting my own proposition on my head, I bade him good-day; and as I turned the corner—it was the next one—I saw him looking after me with that bewildered air of one vainly struggling at apprehension.



OFFICERS OF CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE
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MISS KATE F. KIMBALL, Executive Secretary.

"There was no hunger, war nor strife
For none was wronged and none oppressed,
But every man just led the life
And thought the thoughts that he loved best."

The C. L. S. C. has from the beginning laid emphasis upon "the college outlook" which it aims to give to readers of its four years' course. It is natural, therefore, that changes which gradually take place in the attitude of the college world toward the study of certain subjects should find their counterpart also in the C. L. S. C. Course. Very significant have been some of these changes as pointed out by President Faunce at the last Mohonk Peace Conference:

"Today the most attractive subjects in most universities are found in social and political science. We remember, all of us, how, twenty-five years ago, it was physical science with its dazzling triumphs that drew the majority of our young men; how a little later it was biology, to unravel the secrets of human life; how, still later, they turned to psychology, thinking it would explain the basis of our mental life. But today it is the study of the family, society, social institutions, the development of the village community, the city, the state, the nation, our international relations, international law, that is most attractive to a large percentage of our students.

"But social science has no patience with the old drum and trumpet histories of the past. It finds more interest in the cabin of the peasant, in the livelihood of the farmer, carpenter and mason, more interest in the struggle and uplift of the laborer than in the

man on horseback; and the modern investigator in social and political science finds far more of interest in commercial, industrial and international development than in the parade of cavalry or the clash of swords. I do not believe we shall be able to make college men take much stock in the old fallacious adage that in times of peace we must prepare for war."

It is very fitting that Chautauqua students should observe International Peace Day, May 18, as one of the most important days in the C. L. S. C. calendar; for those who are gaining something of this newer "college outlook" are under obligation to pass it on to others, and to show how surely, if but slowly, a new era of peace is coming and by what means we may help to bring it in.



NEW POINTS OF VIEW OF WAR.

One of the indications of the change of public sentiment with regard to war is the growing number of books dealing with this subject and its relation to possibilities of peace. Tolstoy's "War and Peace," his "Sebastopol," an appalling picture of the sordidness of war, Jean de Bloch's "The Future of War," which was one of the influences which led the Tzar to call the first Hague Peace Conference, Baroness Von Suttner's "Die Waffen Nieder" (Lay Down Your Arms), which has gone through some thirty editions in Germany and has been translated into all the principal languages of Europe, and the important addresses of Channing and Sumner on this subject which have been put into book form by the International Union and published by Ginn & Company. To this same series have recently been added Andrew Carnegie's "A League of Peace," Tolstoy's "Bethink Yourselves," both ten-cent pamphlets, "The Moral Damage of War" by Walter Walsh, one of the delegates to the International Peace Conference in 1904, and "World Organization" by Raymond L. Bridgman. Another new book dealing as its title indicates, not so much with the evils of war as with the possibilities of peace is Miss Jane Addams' "Newer Ideals of Peace." This has been consid-

ered such an important contribution to modern ideals of progress that it is to form one of the required books of the coming "American Year" in the C. L. S. C.



PROGRAM FOR PEACE MEETING.

The subject of International Peace is not one to be dealt with merely by sentiment or by diplomacy. It is a practical twentieth century issue and it begins at home. The fact that President Roosevelt is to use his peace prize for establishing a tribunal for industrial disputes is a case in point. Our immigrant countrymen who represent every country on the globe are vitally concerned in such an organization. As we cultivate international neighborliness at home, we shall become less provincial towards our neighbors over the seas. Would it not be a good thing for every circle to arrange for a Sunday evening peace meeting on May 19? Let it be a Union Meeting of Circles or of Churches and discuss some of these interesting questions. Some topics for such a program are here suggested:

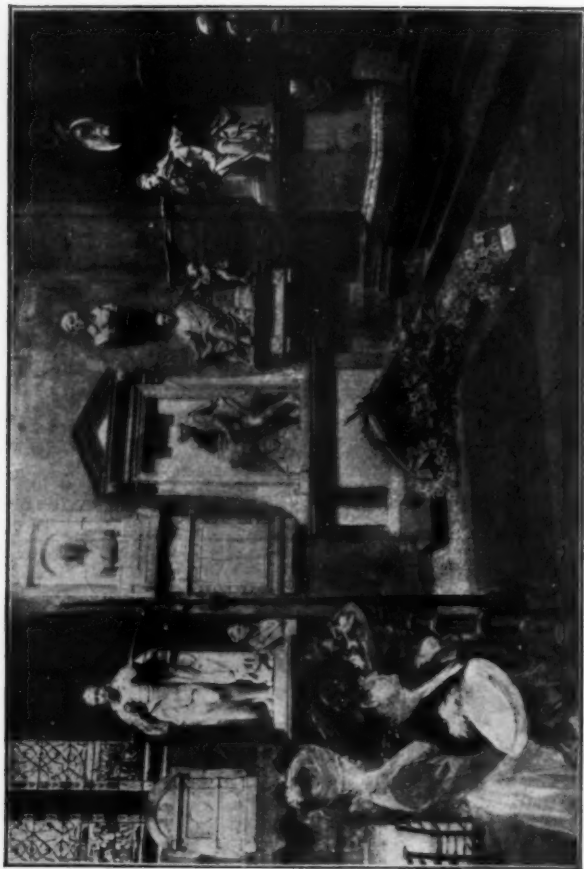
1. International Peace at Home. (What the immigrant is looking for in this country. What he finds here and what he can do to better his condition.)
2. Labor Organizations and Peace. (See Advocate of Peace for December, 1906. price 10 cents, published by American Peace Society, 31 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.)
3. Significant events in the Peace Movement. (See this Round Table, also Advocate of Peace for January, February, July, August and especially December, 1906, which contains numerous items of interest. Ten cents each.)
4. The Coming Hague Conference. Proposed subjects for discussion. (See Advocate of Peace, December, 1906, pp. 243-244.)

"A Primer of the Peace Movement," by Lucia Ames Mead, contains a great number of admirable suggestions which will be found very helpful. It can be secured for 10 cents from the Peace Society as noted above. In the Round Table in THE CHAUTAUQUANS for April, 1905, and April, 1906, additional suggestive programs will be found.



A YEAR'S PROGRESS TOWARDS PEACE.

The following brief statement of the principal facts connected with the international peace movement during the past year has been furnished to THE CHAU-



Sir Henry Irving's Tomb, by the Side of Garrick in Westminster Abbey.
Overlooking the Tombs is the Cenotaph of Shakespeare.

TAUQUAN through the courtesy of Mr. Benjamin F. Trueblood, Secretary of the American Peace Society, Boston, Mass.

1. The number of treaties of obligatory arbitration has now reached forty-four. Two of these, that between Denmark and Holland and that between Denmark and Italy, are without limitation, stipulating the reference of all disputes for all time to the Hague Court. The treaty between Norway and Sweden, since their separation, stipulates the reference of the question of honor and vital interest to the Court.

2. The Hague Court has had no case before it the past year, chiefly because there has been no important case to refer to it, and because the nations are now so much more friendly than they once were that controversies are decreasing.

3. The House of Commons voted unanimously last spring in favor of the reduction of British armaments, and also to bring the whole question of limitation of armaments before the coming Hague Court. The British Prime Minister has declared the determination of the British Government to carry this matter to the Hague Conference. He is supported by the Italian and French governments and the governments of all the smaller powers of Western Europe. In his Thanksgiving dinner speech in London Ambassador White-law Reid said that it was probable the whole Western world would go to the Hague Conference united in favor of the limitation of armaments and that Great Britain and the United States would probably do the same thing.

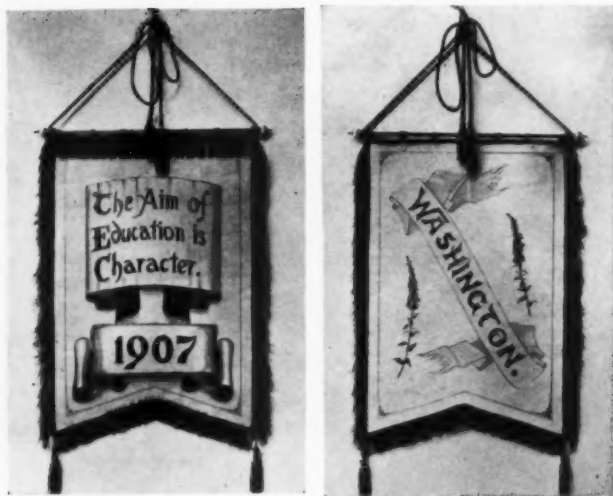
4. The Pan-American Conference at Rio Janeiro has greatly promoted friendship and good understanding among the American Republics. The reorganization of the Bureau of American Republics has practically brought about an international union or federation of the twenty-one states of this hemisphere. The Conference voted to renew the arbitration treaties adopted at the Conference at Mexico City in 1901-1902.

5. The Italian government and the municipal authorities of Milan, Italy, welcomed the Fifteenth International Peace Congress to Milan in September last in a most cordial and generous way, and Emperor William of Germany invited the members of the twenty-third conference of the International Law Association, held at Berlin the first of October, to be his guests at luncheon at the Imperial Castle in Berlin. "*Quorum minima pars fui.*"



A SHAKESPEARE MUSICAL PROGRAM.

April 23, Shakespeare's birthday, which is one of the Memorial Days of the C. L. S. C., might be very effectively celebrated by Chautauqua Circles with a musical program. Many circles will be glad to know that such a program is rendered easily possible by the recent publication in Ditson's "Musicians' Library" of a volume of fifty Shakespeare Songs gathered from many sources and edited by Charles Vin-



Banner of the C. L. S. C. Class of 1907.

cent. These fifty songs include: 1. Songs mentioned by Shakespeare in his plays; 2. songs possibly sung in the original performances; 3. settings composed since Shakespeare's time to the middle of the nineteenth century; 4. recent settings. Several pages of notes on the songs give interesting facts respecting their origin with, in each case, a brief sketch of the life and peculiar genius of the composer. This volume, which, is quarto size, is printed in large clear type and may be secured from the Chautauqua Press, Chautauqua, N. Y., in paper binding with cloth back for \$1.50, or in full cloth for \$2.50, postpaid. In ordering state whether edition for high or low voice is desired.

This will be a good opportunity for a circle to secure the friendly co-operation of local musicians and perhaps to hold an open meeting. In rendering the program some brief explanation of the historic significance of each song would add interest to the exercises.

1907'S CLASS BANNER.

One of the picturesque features of the Recognition Day procession at Chautauqua is the array of banners which reveal the personalities of the different C. L. S. C. Classes. Many ingenious designs have been worked out in these banners, some of them having been the actual work of some member of a Class. The unveiling of the banner is always an important event in class history, and the photograph of 1907's banner here reproduced will be in the nature of an "unveiling" for hundreds of members who cannot be at Chautauqua this summer, but whose interest in class affairs is none the less keen. The 1907 banner is the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Smith of Franklin, Pennsylvania. The color scheme is in soft shades of green with gold trimming and the class name, motto and flower appear, as will be seen, on one or the other side of the banner.

The class secretary reports a number of orders for pins as a result of the recent announcement in the Round Table. Both the gold and silver pins seem to meet with favor and the Secretary reports that she will be able to fill orders at any time after April 1st. The price of the gold pins is \$1.75 and of the silver \$0.75. Address Miss Rannie Webster, 309 East Second street, Oil City, Pennsylvania. Letters from readers in different parts of the country show with what spirit they have carried through their four years' course. One who is reading alone writes from Missouri:

"My plan of study is to complete a book, then fill out memoranda for it. This method gives me more time for supplementary reading. I cannot express in words the pleasure that I have derived from the C. L. S. C. course. It has widened my literary horizon and established a taste for the best literature. I feel that I have accomplished a great work though studying alone, and feel great enthusiasm for the success of our class. I cannot hope to attend the Mother Chautauqua the coming summer yet I shall be there in spirit."



POETRY FOR CHILDREN

The Macmillan Company has done a service to lovers of poetry, and of children by bringing out in attractive form and at the low

price of fifty cents each, two admirable collections of poetry for children. "The Children's Treasury of English Song" by Frances Turner Palgrave has been arranged on the principle of giving pleasure to children "in the stage between childhood and early youth." It contains the poems which every child ought to own and learn to enjoy and which will in most cases make their own appeal. "The Listening Child" by Lucy W. Thacher is more in the nature of a historic survey of six hundred years of English poetry, limited, however, to selections appropriate to youth, a collection which will be a permanent enrichment to a child's library and be more and more appreciated as he grows in his understanding of literature. The two volumes admirably supplement each other, very few of the poems being duplicated.



NOTES.

That the C. L. S. C. is literally a school for out of school people is evident: each year from the number of readers who add seals to their diplomas. No member is required to do any written work in order to graduate, yet hundreds of readers take pride in writing out the answers to the review questions, thus training themselves to think clearly and to state their ideas concisely. Five white seals at graduation may be won in recognition of this work. The Bible course is a favorite supplementary course of reading, for many people like some slight spur to regular systematic reading of the Bible and an additional seal may be won for the diploma by reading the entire Bible and answering the review questions which are furnished for a fee of fifty cents. Many members of the classes of 1908, 1909 and 1910 will enjoy adding this supplementary biblical reading to their four years' course.

Many C. L. S. C. readers do not realize that the reading of a year's course without filling review questions, entitles them to the annual certificate, which is a beautifully illustrated reminder of the year's work. Some of last year's readers have not yet claimed their privilege. It is not too late for them to send their reports now. The new certificate for the current year is in preparation and will be a reproduction of the famous Burne-Jones tapestry at Oxford entitled "The Adoration of the Magi."

A Michigan member of the C. L. S. C. is anxious to secure a copy of "Citizen Bonaparte," by Erckmann-Chatrian. The book is reported out of print. If any member has a copy and would like to sell it, please notify the C. L. S. C. office at Chautauqua, New York.

From a Mississippi member: "I became a member of the class of 1909 at the Monteagle Assembly. I have been an invalid much of the time since then but I have done my required reading in spite of it and it served to pass many a lonely hour. I hope to receive my annual certificate and next year to do better still. I am charmed with the small size of THE CHAUTAUQUAN as well as its contents and all of the reading for the coming year."

The C. L. S. C. Round Table

247

C. L. S. C. MEMORIAL DAYS FOR APRIL AND MAY.

SHAKESPEARE DAY—April 23. SPECIAL SUNDAY—May, second
ADDISON DAY—May 1. Sunday.
INTERNATIONAL PEACE DAY—May 18.



C. L. S. C. MOTTOES.

*"We study the Word and the Works of God."
"Let us Keep Our Heavenly Father in the Midst."
"Never be Discouraged."*



OUTLINE OF REQUIRED READING FOR MAY.

FIRST WEEK.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: English Men of Fame: Benjamin Jowett.
Required Book: Literary Leaders of Modern England. Chapters
XVII and XVIII.

SECOND WEEK.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "Counties of the Severn Valley" to page 168.
Required Book: Rational Living. Chapter IX.

THIRD WEEK.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "Counties of the Severn Valley" to page 191.
Required Book: Rational Living. Chapter X.

FOURTH WEEK.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "Counties of the Severn Valley" concluded.
Required Book: Rational Living. Chapters XI and XII.



SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR LOCAL CIRCLES.

FIRST WEEK.

Review of article on "Jowett, Teacher, Platonist and Scholar" in
English Men of Fame Series, page 205.

Roll Call: Quotations from Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero Worship."
Review of Chapters XVII and XVIII in Literary Leaders of Mod-
ern England.

Book Review: Carlyle's "Past and Present," or his "Sartor Re-
sartus."

Reading: Selections from Froude's Life of Carlyle.

SECOND WEEK.

Roll Call: Current Events Relating to England (see Highways
and Byways.)

Review of Reading Journey article on Shropshire and Herefordshire.
Oral Report: The history of Wales in relation to England (see
histories and encyclopedias).

Reading: Selections from "The Bard" by Thomas Gray (see
Ward's English Poets or other collections of English poetry.)

Review of article on "The Garden City Movement in England" (see
THE CHAUTAUQUAN for March, 1907).

Oral Report: The story of Milton's "Comus" with reading of selec-
tions, especially his description of Sabrina.

Discussion of Chapter IX in Rational Living. It would add to the interest of the discussion if each member should bring some illustration from biography or other form of literature bearing upon the point brought out on page 168: "The significance of the situation opened itself only so. Action brought experience of some new value that we could not choose before with full heart, because we did not know it." Sir Launfal might serve as an example. Other illustrations can readily be found.

THIRD WEEK.

Map Review: General survey of the Arthurian localities in England (See An Arthurian Journey, *Atlantic Monthly*, June 1890.)

Reading: Description of Caerleon in Tennyson's "Geraint and Enid" with the telling of the story of the poem.

Oral Reports: The significance in English history of the following battles: Shrewsbury, Mortimer's Cross, Edge Hill, Worcester, Evesham and Tewkesbury.

Reading: The Man of Ross, Pope.

Discussion: Child Labor in England as compared with that in America. (See article by Owen Lovejoy in this magazine and "Charities" for February 9, 1907. Send 10c to 105 E. 22nd St., New York City.)

Reading: "An American Missionary to East London Children," the *Outlook*, Sept. 14, 1895.

Review of Chapter X in Rational Living.

Roll Call: Quotations from this chapter, each member selecting the one which has most impressed him.

FOURTH WEEK.

Roll Call: Current Events relating to England.

Readings: Selection from "England Without and Within." (See The Library Shelf); Wordsworth's Lines on Tintern Abbey.

Brief Paper on Spenser's Faerie Queen and its significance.

Reading: Description of Sir Scudamour, Book III, Cantos XI and XII.

Study of Gloucester Cathedral. (See *Century Magazine* 17:680. Article by Mrs. Van Rensselaer.)

Review of Chapters XI and XII in Rational Living.



THE TRAVEL CLUB.

TWENTY-THIRD PROGRAM.

Map Review: General Characteristics of The Counties of the Severn. Paper: The history of Wales in relation to England. (See histories of England and encyclopedias).

Reading: Selections from "The Bard" by Thomas Gray. (See Ward's English Poets or other collections.)

Paper: Personal traits of Shrewsbury's famous citizen, Darwin. (See THE CHAUTAUQUAN 45:66, December, 1906; also article in Warner Library of the World's Best Literature, Life and Letters of his son and numerous magazine articles.)

Book Review: Darwin's "A Naturalist's Voyage."

Oral Report: The story of Milton's "Comus" with reading of his description of Sabrina.

Roll Call: Current Events relating to England.

TWENTY-FOURTH PROGRAM.

Roll Call: Review of historic incidents relating to Herefordshire and Monmouthshire. (See Reading Journey article, Baedeker, histories, etc.)

Paper: Roman ruins of the Severn Valley.

Readings: Tennyson's poem on Queen Boadicea; also one by Wm. Cowper.

Discussion: Comparison of Hereford and Gloucester cathedrals. (See paragraph on English Architecture in January Round Table; also *Century Magazine*, 17:680, article by Mrs. Van Rensselaer.)

Reading: The Man of Ross. Alexander Pope.

Paper: Spenser's "Faerie Queen," its story and its significance.

Reading: Description of Sir Scudamour, Book III, Cantos XI and XII.

TWENTY-FIFTH PROGRAM.

Map Review: General survey of the Arthurian localities in England. (See An Arthurian Journey, *Atlantic Monthly*, June 1890.)

Reading: Description of Caerleon in Tennyson's "Geraint and Enid."

Oral Reports: The significance in English history of the following battles: Shrewsbury, Mortimer's Cross, Edge Hill, Worcester, Evesham, and Tewkesbury.

Reading: "Piers Plowman." (See Library Shelf in this magazine.)

Book Review: George MacDonald's "St. George and St. Michael."

Discussion: Child Labor in England as compared with that in America. (See article by Owen Lovejoy in this magazine and "Charities" for February 9, 1907. Send 10c to 105 E. 22nd St., New York City.)

TWENTY-SIXTH PROGRAM.

Reading: Wordsworth's lines on Tintern Abbey.

Review of article on The Garden City Movement in England. (See THE CHAUTAUQUAN for March, 1907.)

Book Review: Mrs. Craik's "John Halifax, Gentleman."

Reading: Selections from Professor Shorey's article on "Jowett, Teacher, Platonist, and Scholar," in this magazine.

Roll Call: Current Events relating to England.



ANSWERS TO APRIL SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. Christ Church. 2. Corpus Christi. 3. Sanford and Merton. 4. Merton. 5. In the Liddon Memorial Chapel of Keble College. 6. Chief Keeper of the King's Castle under Edward III, architect of Windsor Castle, Keeper of the privy seal, 1364, Secretary of State 1366, Bishop of Winchester 1367, Lord Chancellor 1367-71, founded St. Mary's College at Winchester and New College, Oxford, rebuilt Winchester Cathedral. 7. Balliol. 8. One hundred and one, for the old number of students. 9. The University of Chicago.



NEWS FROM READERS AND CIRCLES.

"You will find it quite worth your while," said Pendragon as he held up a small pamphlet, "to bear in mind that we have a memorial day next month, International Peace Day. This little

The C. L. S. C. Round Table

'Primer of the Peace Movement' is something that every circle ought to own. You may feel that the subject is somewhat outside of the regular work, but possibly further thought will convince you that it is not. Unless our studies make us easier to live with and more capable of helping to make effective the idea of world brotherhood, we may be sure that we are on the wrong track." "I am inclined to think," remarked a Louisville mother, "that if we don't, we're not getting a 'broad outlook' but a hopelessly narrow one. We still have to submit to jingoism in government and to military schools in our educational system, but when fashion dictates that even our gentle, peace loving daughters shall walk to the harsh notes of a military heel, I rebel, peacefully you understand!" "Suppose you test the possibilities of a Sunday evening Peace Service," said Pendragon. "Let your program committees note the suggestions given elsewhere and see what they can evolve. This is a chance to start new lines of thinking in many communities."



"May I express our pleasure in seeing the photograph of the new 1907 banner?" remarked a member from Punxsutawney, Pa. "I speak for ten members of the graduating class in our circle, some of whom are planning to graduate at Chautauqua. All told, we have forty members and a fine circle. We have enjoyed Shakespeare greatly. We read Winter's Tale in one evening that we might take up Richard III, wishing another historical play. We had a long session New Year's Eve and watched the old year out in reading Tennyson's 'Death of the Old Year.' We invited another reading club and will have soon an evening of travel through England by stereopticon. Our school principal has the views taken by himself and gives a number of good lectures and his pictures are fine so we feel quite favored."

"This report from a 1907 circle really ought to be followed by one from a 1907 individual reader," said Pendragon, "but I think we must defer that until next month as today we have planned to hear from the Graduate Circles especially. There are far too many of them to give all a chance I fear, but we can hear from enough at least to show what variety of method is possible." "These letters," he continued, indicating a pile on the table, "are reports from absent graduate circles. It is encouraging to note that one and all approve the new form of THE CHAUTAUQUAN. We are anxious to know today three things: 1. What our graduate organizations are studying; 2. in what way they recognize the graduates of later years; 3. how they are helping to serve the community. Suppose we call first for the president of the New Haven Society of the Hall in the Grove, Mr. Tullar." "We have, as you know," replied the

delegate, "a Union of members in New Haven which represents at least one hundred and fifty Chautauquans, many of whom are in circles while others read alone. The Union brings all these members together at stated times and so is an important influence in extending the work. Our S. H. G. have been taking up this winter one English writer each month, and we plan to hold one public meeting to which we invite all Chautauquans. The heaviest snow storm of the season fell upon our open meeting this winter when we had an address on Wordsworth by a clergyman whose home had been among the haunts of the poet, but the lecture was so delightful that we hope to repeat it later."

"We have all been so much absorbed in the study of Shakespeare," reported the delegate from Belfast, Maine, "that our S. H. G. was for the time being merged with the Seaside Circle, but we have since been specializing on THE CHAUTAUQUAN articles and using the Travel Club Programs. At our annual meeting in September we welcomed the two graduates of the class of 1906, observing the salt ceremony used at Chautauqua in token of good fellowship and singing the Chautauqua song of '86. One of the graduates read aloud Mr. Griggs' delightful Recognition Day address and the other gave personal reminiscences of her visit to Chautauqua. We held a C. L. S. C. Rally in October which seems likely to result in a new circle and our churches united in a C. L. S. C. Vesper Service one Sunday afternoon, the address being given by our Unitarian minister who had spent some days at Chautauqua in August. We prepare a list of good books each year to be added to our public library, and we co-operate with the Improvement Society of our city."

"You'll observe that our S. H. G. is of a very different type from these energetic societies that have just reported," remarked an East Cleveland, Ohio, member. "We meet twice a year only. We are not a study club for our Chautauquans are scattered all over this big city, but our two meetings have in them an amount of Chautauqua fervor which has encouraged both the older and younger graduates to keep up their habits of study. We meet on the first of October, listen for the ringing of the Bryant bell, talk over our summer experiences at Chautauqua, and the plans for the winter and close with a prayer for 'Courage, Love, Strength and Contentment.' In June we have what is always a delightful social gathering when our undergraduates are specially invited. As to altruistic work, we have none officially but most of us are individually helping in civic improvements and one member is working toward a library in a poor town in the South. A year ago this town hadn't a bound book. Now it has two hundred."

"You must notice these programs of the Brooklyn, N. Y., Chautauqua Alumni," said Pendragon. "The alumni number seventy members and as they have decided this year to take up the regular course again after some years of study in various fields, they have divided the circle into neighborhood groups, holding a general meeting once a month, and taking special pains to bring the new graduates into the circle. Another program worth your attention is this of the Round Table of Kokomo, Indiana. Their membership includes graduates from '84 to 1906. The basis of organization, you see, is social, each monthly meeting offering a brief program dealing with some topic of interest, and so keeping the graduate members in touch with each other." "I see," he continued, "that the Kansas City delegate is here and as they have an unusually effective form of organization we must have their report."

"I can't say that we can claim any credit for special altruistic work in our S. H. G.," responded the delegate, "but we are trying not only to extend our boundaries but to cheer along our own members, so incidentally we are benefiting the community. Our meetings are of a social nature but, like the modern novel, they have a 'purpose.' In October, we have a reception for the new graduates. In January a literary meeting, when we invite all the circles. Our business affairs are attended to in May, and in June we have a picnic, always a most festive occasion. In March we had a banquet at the Coates House of sixty Chautauquans with Professor George E. Vincent, President of Chautauqua as our guest of honor. You all know how inimitable he is. We are still talking of his visit. You may like to see our program:

TOASTS.

Mrs. F. W. Bartlett.....	Toastmistress
Invocation	Rev. Chas. W. Moore
Chautauqua Ideals.....	Dr. Geo. E. Vincent
Chautauqua Reminiscences.....	Mrs. E. Harriett Howe
Piano Solo.....	Mrs. Fred Cunningham
Chautauqua from a Business Man's View Point.....	C. L. Brokaw
Chautauqua from a Clergyman's View Point.....	Rev. Wm. A. Brown
The Chautauqua Woman.....	Mrs. G. W. Campbell
The Circle.....	Miss Nettie Hamilton
Piano Solo.....	Mrs. Fred Cunningham
Chautauqua and Philanthropy.....	Rev. Chas. W. Moore

"I believe we are rather unique in having a County Alumni organization." The speaker proved to be from Jefferson County, New York,—“but that doesn't discourage us in the least. Some of you will try it perchance one of these days and be surprised to find how interesting it is. We have nearly one hundred members, and have been holding yearly meetings for eight years. We meet once a year in September, being entertained at different towns in turn and have a luncheon together and always a most interesting

program. You would realize how deep into our lives Chautauqua has gone if you could attend one of our meetings and see how many of the older graduates take an active part."

"Just what our achievements may develop into," commented a member from Benton Harbor, Michigan, "I can't say. We have organized two other circles in this county, at Eau Claire and Berrien Springs, and there seems to be no reason why we may not have equal success elsewhere. We believe it an important work for the S. H. G.'s to undertake. Who should be able to interest people in Chautauqua, if not those who have found help in its work? We have been studying THE CHAUTAUQUAN and Shakespeare's plays and also MacMaster's history of the United States. The two subjects make connections with each other much oftener than you might think. We are helping to build a hospital so our S. H. G. stands for service to the community.

Pendragon next called for brief reports from various delegates, interspersing these with items from letters revealing the widespread character of this graduate work. Glencoe, Minn., reported twenty-five graduates studying Shakespeare. Ashville, New York, no formal S. H. G., but a few graduates having secured books from the State Library to supplement the C. L. S. C. course, persuaded eight people to read as a study class, though not yet ready to join the general circle; in Westfield, New York, a young S. H. G. helps to foster the alumni spirit while at least twenty of the graduates do their studying with the undergraduate circles. At Sinclairville in the same state, a very small community, the old Chautauquans have met yearly since '86, twenty-five of them, to sing the old songs and recall old memories. Tarentum, Pennsylvania, graduates have secured a dozen new members this year and are working with them on the regular C. L. S. C. course,—a fine instance of persuasive power. The S. H. G. of Syracuse, New York, is responsible for the "White" Circle and each year sends out circulars to persons who might be won over to the C. L. S. C. The Des Moines, Iowa, Chautauquans are reaching the community at many points with their many circles and the Chautauqua League which brings them all together at occasional intervals. Fostoria, Ohio, has a stalwart S. H. G. who have formed themselves into a Shakespeare Study Club with a permanent and accomplished leader. They meet every Monday night and study carefully three plays a year. In October they gather together all the graduates for a reunion and banquet at the Log Cabin Hotel at Meadow Brook, a nearby suburb.

Pendragon glanced at the graduates who still awaited their chance to speak. "Time will fail us, I fear," he said, "to tell of the good work of Creston, Iowa, Wichita, Kansas, Shelbyville, Illinois,

Cincinnati, Coudersport, Pennsylvania, Holley, N. Y., Troy and Toledo, and the new S. H. G. at Norwalk, Ohio, and other organizations from the Middle West and the Pacific Coast. We must close, I think, with the report of the Marion, Iowa, S. H. G." The Marion delegate explained that their S. H. G. belonged to the city federation. "We believe it's a great thing," she said, "to keep in touch with other clubs whether they are taking our course of reading or not. We can always get ideas from others and they often use Chautauqua material in their clubs. We all help to support the public library and our S. H. G. sees that a bound volume of *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* is placed in the library each year. Then we contribute to the federation lecture course. Two lectures on 'Story Telling' and on 'Tuberculosis' were immensely suggestive to us. Our regular study work is the English Reading Journey supplemented by Shakespeare's play of 'Richard III.' We are very enthusiastic and trying to learn all we can about England."

News Summary

DOMESTIC.

February 7.—John D. Rockefeller gives \$32,000,000 to the General Education board.

16.—Senate: The Administration's plan to settle the Japanese school question is approved by the adoption of the conference report on the Immigration Bill.

20.—Senate: By a vote of forty-two to twenty-eight the title of Reed Smoot to his seat is confirmed. Prof. Harry Pratt Judson is chosen president of the University of Chicago.

25.—Texas Senate exonerates U. S. Senator Bailey of charges made against him.

26.—John F. Stevens, chief engineer of Panama canal, resigns.

FOREIGN.

February 9.—Thousands of prominent English women join in a great street demonstration in favor of woman suffrage. A Russian imperial decree provides for the issue of \$35,000,000 in four per cent. bonds to meet expenses for famine relief.

12.—The British Parliament is opened by King Edward, who proposes in a speech reform of the House of Lords and of Ireland's government. He also pays tribute to America for her assistance to the sufferers in the Kingston earthquake.

13.—Suffragettes make determined attempts to enter the House of Commons and fight fiercely with the police; sixty arrests are made.

OBITUARY.

February 7.—Viscount Goschen, celebrated English statesman.

10.—Sir William Howard Russell, editor of *The Army and Navy Gazette* and a well-known war correspondent.

12.—Ex-Governor Frank W. Higgins, of New York, dies at his home in Olean.

15.—Giosue Carducci, the Italian poet and critic, to whom the Nobel prize for literature was awarded last year, dies at Bologna.

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